



**WONDERFUL
WORLD OF**

Disney



Brought to you
by your friendly
Gulf dealer



In this issue:

**HAUNTED HOUSES
GOOFY ON HORSEBACK RIDING
MONSTER OF THE MONTH
NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM
A 'SWINGIN' FAIRY TALE
FUN AND NONSENSE**



Letters to THE EDITORS



Dear Editors,

I have enjoyed the first volume of your magazine. I got mine on a trip and played all the travel games. It was very entertaining. It made the trip go much faster.

I hope sometime I can get the next addition. When I do I know I will enjoy it, too.

Signed,

M. P.

Marksan, Wisconsin

Thank you for the kind words. We hope our magazine has made many such trips go faster.

The Editors

Dear Sirs:

Please send any information on the development of Walt Disney World in central Florida. Thank you.

R. G.

Scarborough, Ontario

The Walt Disney World "Vacation Kingdom" will open to the public in October, 1971. Located 16 miles southwest of Orlando, Florida, this new destination vacationland will offer a "Magic Kingdom" theme park similar to California's Disneyland, theme resort hotels and other accommodations, along with complete facilities for outdoor recreation and entertainment on both land and water. Visitors to Florida may now view a large model of the 2,500-acre "Vacation Kingdom," along with other displays, at a Preview Center located on Florida's Interstate Highway 4, near the Walt Disney World site. Future issues of Wonderful World of Disney will feature progress reports on Walt Disney World.

Dear Sirs,

Last night I saw your motion picture "Rascal," and was very impressed. I would like to have the boy's name and age.

Sincerely yours,
D. P.

Rockdale, Texas

Bill Mummy played the part of young Sterling North. He was born in 1954, and is an 11-year veteran of show business. He has starred in several Disney TV shows and was a regular on the "Lost in Space" television series. . . .

The Editors

Dear Editor,

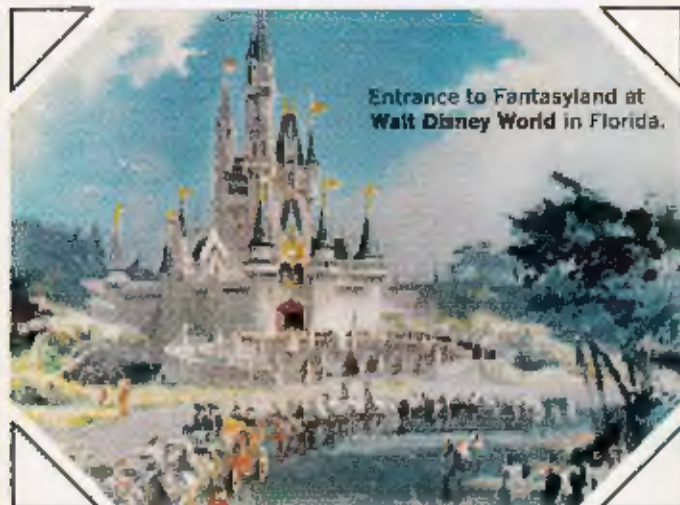
I like reptiles, and will you please send me a forg.

T. D. M.

Bethlehem, Pa.

We're fresh out of forgs. Actually, we don't have any frogs, either.

The Editors



Entrance to Fantasyland at
Walt Disney World in Florida.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF Disney

Volume 1, No. 4

Contents

PLACES TO GO

America's Haunted Houses	2
Lighthouse	10
Vermont	13

TELEVISION

16

STORIES

Jack and the Beanstalk (A Swingin' Fairy Tale)	18
The Case of the Light-Fingered Fiddler	22
Uncle Scrooge	26
What Ever Happened to the Leprechaun?	31

MONSTER OF THE MONTH

32

ANOTHER STORY

The Brave Mice and the Midnight Marauders	34
---	----

SPORTS

How To Ride a Horse	38
---------------------	----

MUSIC AND ART

Sing Along with Pooh	40
Disney on Parade	42
How To Draw Chip 'n Dale	44
Bucky Bug Rocking Horse	46

SCIENCE AND NATURE

The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes	48
Nature's Family Album	50
Ranger Woodlore's Natures Hikes	52
Junior Woodchuck Guide	55

PUZZLES AND GAMES

57

FUN AND NONSENSE

62

Editorial contributors: Mary Carey, George E. Davie, Gabe Essos, Carl Fellberg, Doug Gordon, Betty Griffen, Eloise Fibleigh, Dick Kinney, George Sherman. Art and layout: Neil Boyle, Howard Cronenweth, Shirley Forbes, John Fox, Tom Golberg, Duane Gordon, Allan Hubbard, Don McLaughlin, Burnett Mattinson, Sylvia Mattinson, Bob Moore, Norm Nocell, Steve Sleere, Tony Strodt, C. B. Teeuwisse, O. J. Watson, Paul Wenzel, Alvin Somerville White, Harry Wysocki. Photographs for "Lighthouse" courtesy of the United States Coast Guard. Photographs for "Vermont" by Carlos Elmer.


© 1970 by Walt Disney Productions. All rights reserved throughout the world. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Publishing Company, Inc.



America's



Haunted Houses



America has haunted houses from Maine to San Diego. The ghosts who haunt them range from monks to middle-aged men to fair maidens — members of a harem who were murdered with their master. The houses themselves are sometimes old, but more often new, from ivy-covered mansions to modern frame suburban homes. Probably America's most famous haunted house is at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, D.C. — the White House. The ghosts of several former presidents continue to dwell in the Executive Mansion. The figure of Abraham Lincoln has been seen

staring out of a window of the Oval Room. There is a famous story that Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands supposedly awakened one night during a White House visit to see the spirit of Lincoln at her bedroom door. Abigail Adams (wife of John Adams) occasionally is seen passing through locked doors. A century after her death, Dolly Madison, wife of President James Madison, appeared in ghostly form to forbid White House gardeners to move her rose bushes.

What is a ghost? One definition might be that a ghost is a spirit or apparition which obeys certain laws that are not yet fully understood by modern science. Another is that ghosts are non-physical bodies which are said to exist in certain places and which cause disturbances. Some day we may find that ghosts are as predictable as people. Today, however, they are pretty much of a mystery, and scientists are groping to find the rules under which they act.

Generally ghosts exist in houses or buildings, but they are also known to lurk in meadows, fields or forests. A place with a ghost is said to be haunted.

In New York City, a group of students from P.S. 164 actually saw the ghost which haunts the Jumel Mansion. Madam Jumel stood on the balcony and stared at them as they were preparing to take a tour through the beautiful home which had once been hers.

Madam Jumel, who was born Betsy Bowen, tricked Stephen Jumel into marrying her by pretending that she was dying and appealing to him to wed her before she breathed her last. After the wedding, a healthy Madam Jumel jumped out of bed.

She talked her husband into buying the Robert Morris residence in 1810. She then prepared to welcome New York society to numerous dances and balls in the house. But no one liked her, and nobody came to her parties. She



New York City's Morris-Jumel Mansion.

and her husband rattled around in the mansion together until she met Aaron Burr, a former vice-president of the United States. There is a rumor that she allowed her husband to die of bleeding wounds so that she could marry Burr. The Burr marriage lasted less than a year. When it ended, the lonely woman continued to live in the house until her death in 1865, and she has continued to haunt it ever since.

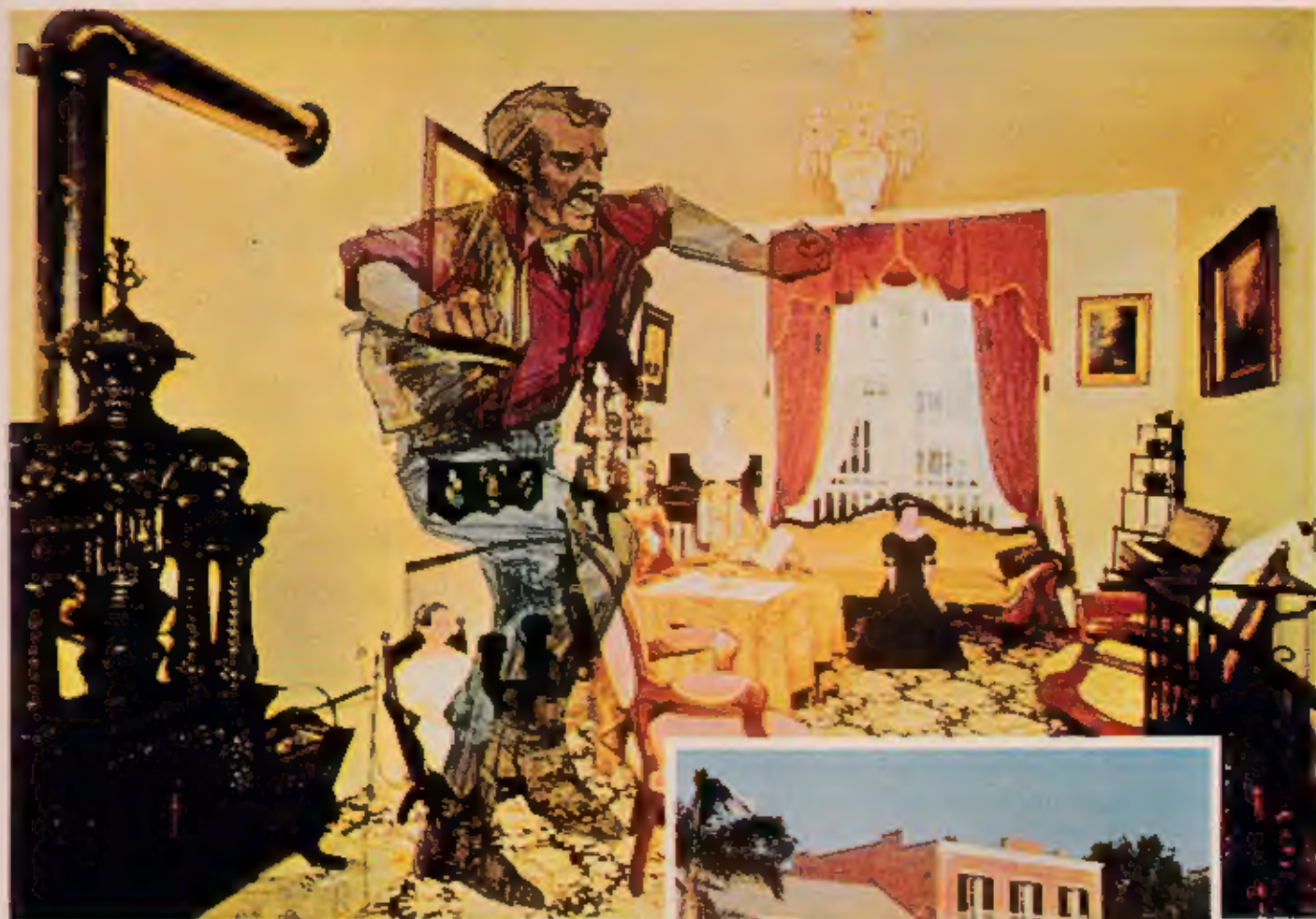
Ghosts can make themselves known in a number of ways. Some, like Madam Jumel, appear in human form. Some seem to be simply white mists; some are powerful forces that move things about. Some give off attractive smells, and some can be detected as pleasantly cool places in otherwise warm rooms.

One of America's foremost experts on ghosts is Dr. Thelma Moss of the parapsychology department at UCLA. Dr. Moss has investigated many haunted houses. She explains that in

Europe, haunted buildings are usually old castles or manors, but in the United States the houses she has investigated are mostly quite new, and are frequently owned by people of the lower middle class. When asked how many genuine haunted places she knows of, she replied, "None. I mean, I've never been able to trap a ghost or shake hands with him. But I know of several houses that are probably haunted." She mentioned one such home in downtown Los Angeles (in which the figure of a monk mysteriously appeared) and another in Tarzana, a suburb of Los Angeles.

"Ghosts sometimes will appear with the introduction of new furniture," she said. The ghosts in the Tarzana residence made themselves known after some antique rocking chairs were willed to the owner. The ghosts rocked merrily in the chairs and caused all sorts of commotion. They were accompanied by the smell of roses.

One of Dr. Moss' favorite ghosts lived not in a home, but in a law office. Telephones jangled and



"Yankee Jim" Robinson clomps through the Whaley House. The building (right) is maintained as an Historical Museum in San Diego.



dialled themselves, and typewriters sailed across the room. Electronics experts, plumbers and structural engineers were called in. All ended up equally baffled. Their only explanation for the goings-on? Ghosts!

But simple suburban frame dwellings, office buildings and warehouses hardly seem proper places for ghosts. The French Quarter of New Orleans is more the exotic place where one could logically expect to find phantoms. It is filled with buildings reputedly haunted by the restless spirits of tortured slaves, Voodoo priests, thwarted lovers and brave Civil War soldiers. Perhaps the most unusual haunted house in

New Orleans is the Gardette-LePretre mansion.

One day a mysterious Turk arrived in New Orleans and requested the use of the most luxurious house in town. The visitor announced that the residence would be occupied by the brother of the Sultan of Turkey. LePretre agreed to loan the Turk his home.

The Sultan's brother moved in, bringing with him quantities of soft couches, multi-colored cushions, Persian rugs, carved chests and incense burners. Later came a harem of young ladies, rolled in carpets to keep them hidden from the questioning eyes of local gossips. Though neighbors could see nothing that went on in the house,

they heard young girls laughing and speaking in a foreign tongue.

Yet LePretre had not known the entire truth. The man living in the house was truly the brother of the Sultan—but a brother out of favor! The Sultan was looking for his kinsman. One night, in a terrible storm, a strange ship appeared in the harbor. By morning it was gone, and muddy footprints led to and from the LePretre front door. The building which had been filled with happy sounds was now silent. When police ventured beyond the open door, they saw a horrible sight: The servants had been murdered and the harem girls had had their heads cut off. The brother of the Sultan was also



The Winchester House. This photo was taken before the 1906 earthquake. During the tremors the bell tower collapsed and was never replaced.

slain, and was buried in the courtyard. A date tree grew on the grave, and became known as the Tree of Death.

Rumors persisted that the ghosts of the girls had returned to the house. Nearby residents heard the tinkle of the tamborine and the shrill tone of the flute mingled with the laughter.

The building was later carved into apartments, and the occupants now have little time for ghosts. The Tree of Death is itself dead. And the beat of Dixieland music drowns out the wail of the flute and the giggling of the girls.

Which brings up the question: Did the neighbors really hear the sounds of merry ghosts, or were the noises in their imaginations?

This is one big question which always presents itself to Dr. Moss and other psychic investigators. How many reports of ghosts are inspired by imagination? Many people believe in ghosts because they *want* to.

Dr. Moss and her colleagues are trying to apply scientific rules to an area where dream and reality often overlap. You might say they

are trying to find another, higher channel on a television set—a channel that doesn't exist on the dial. When they find it, we'll all know a little more about ghosts.

The spirits which presumably inhabit the Whaley House in San Diego show themselves in many of the ways which Dr. Moss has described. They are visible, they make noise, they move things and they cause cold spots to be felt in warm rooms.

The Whaley House was built in 1857, and at one time it was the most elegant home in Southern California. Later, parts of the building served as granary, school-room, Protestant church, theater and courthouse. Today it is preserved as an historical museum and haunted house!

The spirits haunting the Whaley House are probably "Yankee Jim" Robinson and its builders, Thomas and Anna Whaley. Mrs. Whaley glides through hallways carrying a candle; Robinson clumps about in heavy boots.

The last Whaley to live in the building was Lily Whaley, who refused to live upstairs because of

the spirits. Even when the house was locked up, the thudding footsteps from the second floor awakened her. Recently chains in the old courtroom started swaying before the eyes of a group of visiting school children from Chula Vista, and spirits moved a heavy library table while college students were examining the house. Later, a seance was held on the premises. Although all the doors and windows were closed and locked, cooling breezes swept through the room and apparitions danced against a wall. Kitchen utensils swung on their hooks for no apparent reason, and one meat cleaver was especially active.

According to Dr. Moss, anything that happens in a seance is open to question. She says, "Ninety-eight percent of the mediums who hold seances are frauds. They prey on the public and will do anything for money." She explained that a good magician can easily expose the so-called spirit actions conjured up by mediums, and infra-red photography has helped debunk many so-called spiritualists. Harry Hou-

and the famous magician who studied spiritualism and the occult, never attended one single seance which, in his opinion, wasn't phoney!

The Winchester House, in the Santa Clara Valley south of San Francisco, was built as the result of a seance. It was the home of Sarah L. Winchester, the widow of

she built and rebuilt the structure. At one time a staff of 18 servants lived there, while 12 gardeners worked to make hedges higher and thicker to shield the building from the prying public.

She was a tiny woman — less than five feet tall — so everything was constructed on a small scale. Today guests must stoop to walk

to them — and who have saved themselves worry and heartache, and perhaps their own lives — if they were alert enough.

An electronics engineer who is presently working in Los Angeles was able to escape from behind the Iron Curtain because his mother appeared to him in a dream and told him when a guard would be sleeping. When the predicted moment came, the man found that the guard was indeed asleep, and he was able to flee from Hungary. The grandmother of a Disney executive went riding one day in a carriage. She saw a young man gliding along beside her. He seemed to be riding a bicycle, except that he was invisible from the waist down, and there was no bicycle! Also, when he sped in front of the carriage the horse reared and bucked. A few days later a close friend of the woman fell and was paralyzed from the waist down. He never walked again. He had been riding with the grandmother in the carriage!

But stories such as these are common. Most families can recall some instance in which a spirit or ghost appeared and helped in a time of need. One famous helpful ghost is Ocean Born Mary.

She was born at sea (hence her name) in 1720, at the same moment that a pirate named Captain Pedro boarded her ship. The buccaneer was about to make the entire ship's company walk the plank when he heard the crying of the new-born baby. His heart melted at the sound and he spared the lives of all aboard.

Mary grew up in New England, married and had children. Then her husband died. At about this time, Captain Pedro grew tired of the sea. He moved to New Hampshire, far enough away from the ocean so that his reputation wouldn't follow him. He asked the widow whose life he had once spared to be his housekeeper. She consented, and lived in his house in Henniker until she died at 94.



William Wirt Winchester (the son and heir of the man who developed the Winchester rifle). After his sudden death, Sarah learned, in a seance, that she would be haunted forever by the ghosts of men killed by Winchester rifles unless she made amends to them. She was further instructed to sell the Winchester estates in New England and move west.

Sarah followed instructions, and when she reached San Jose she saw a 17-room house under construction there. She bought the place and the land around it, and she set about planning alterations and additions. For 36 years

through the low doorways. Few of the rooms are on the same level, and visitors must constantly walk up and down short flights of stairs.

Today the house is exactly as Sarah Winchester left it when she died 41 years ago. Not one drop of paint has comforted the weathered, shingled siding, but traces can still be seen of the vivid, golden yellow that dominated the exterior walls and the brick red that stained the roof.

Mrs. Winchester received instructions for the future from a ghost. This is not unusual. There are many cases on record of people who have had the future revealed

Disneyland
now has its very own
Haunted Mansion.



Pedro evidently didn't move far enough inland. He died with a knife in his back and received the burial he had requested — under the hearthstone in the kitchen.

The ghosts of Mary and the pirate have reportedly been seen many times near the residence, helping shore up a garage in a raging storm, putting out a fire that would have burned down the



building and being generally helpful in a multitude of ways.

New England has almost as many haunted houses as Maine does lobsters. Some homes contain the spirits of dear departed relatives, and others are scarred by scandal and murder. Also in New Hampshire is the Moulton House. There are tales that Moulton made a pact with the devil to gain his wealth. When his wife died, he shocked the countryside by stripping her hands of all jewelry and rings—even to her wedding ring—before she was buried. Soon after the funeral he married a close friend of his first wife. To her he gave the dead woman's jewelry.

The second Mrs. Moulton

awoke one night to find something white and misty gripping her hand. It was tearing the rings from her fingers. John Greenleaf Whittier wrote a poem about it—"The New Wife and the Old."

Whittier is not the only poet to make use of ghosts and haunted houses. Literature is full of spirits. Steven Vincent Benet was inspired by the ghostly fables of New England. Mark Twain knew his way around a haunted house, and Edgar Allan Poe was an authority. Oscar Wilde, Thomas Hardy, O. Henry, Robert Louis Stevenson and Rudyard Kipling, all wrote about haunted houses. So did Shakespeare.

Walt Disney didn't neglect ghosts and haunted houses, either. In 1929, the first Silly Symphony, "Skeleton Dance," was released. Denizens of a cemetery danced and played amid the tombstones in this cartoon. Later, in "The Haunted House," Mickey Mouse played an organ as the ghosts came out of the walls.

In 1939, Disney released "Lonesome Ghosts," in which Mickey Mouse, Donald Duck and Goofy set up in business as a ghost-exterminating agency. One sequence from "Fantasia," *Night on Bald Mountain*, was based on a traditional tale of the devil coming to life and calling forth spirits from the grave. And one of the Disney classics is a cartoon version of the Washington Irving

story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," in which Ichabod Crane got the fool scared out of him by a headless horseman.

Nor did Disney neglect the spirit world in his life-action films. In 1959, Darby O'Gill was pitted against leprechauns, banshees and the *costa bower*, or death coach, in "Darby O'Gill and the Little People." Two years ago, in "Blackbeard's Ghost," Peter Ustinov stalked through a haunted inn on the Atlantic shore as the ghost of Blackbeard the Pirate.

The Haunted Mansion at Disneyland has been planned for many years, but opened only last fall. Rather than featuring any specific ghost, the Disneyland attraction is more properly a home for sociable spirits from all corners of the world. They exist in a state of perpetual levitation amid elastic rooms, floating furniture, pop-up tombstones and eerie organ recitals. There are 999 ghosts, banshees and zombies in all. The place is a must for anyone who has ever been interested in the spirit world.

Although the Disneyland ghosts will always appear on cue, most ghosts do not, according to Dr. Moss. Spirit activity seems to come in cycles, with ghosts appearing every so often. Someday you and a ghost may meet up with each other. It doesn't take a medium or a spirit guide to find them. If you see one, happy haunting.



A typical night at Bald Mountain



"Strange doings" at Disney Land

West Quoddy Head Light Station, Maine



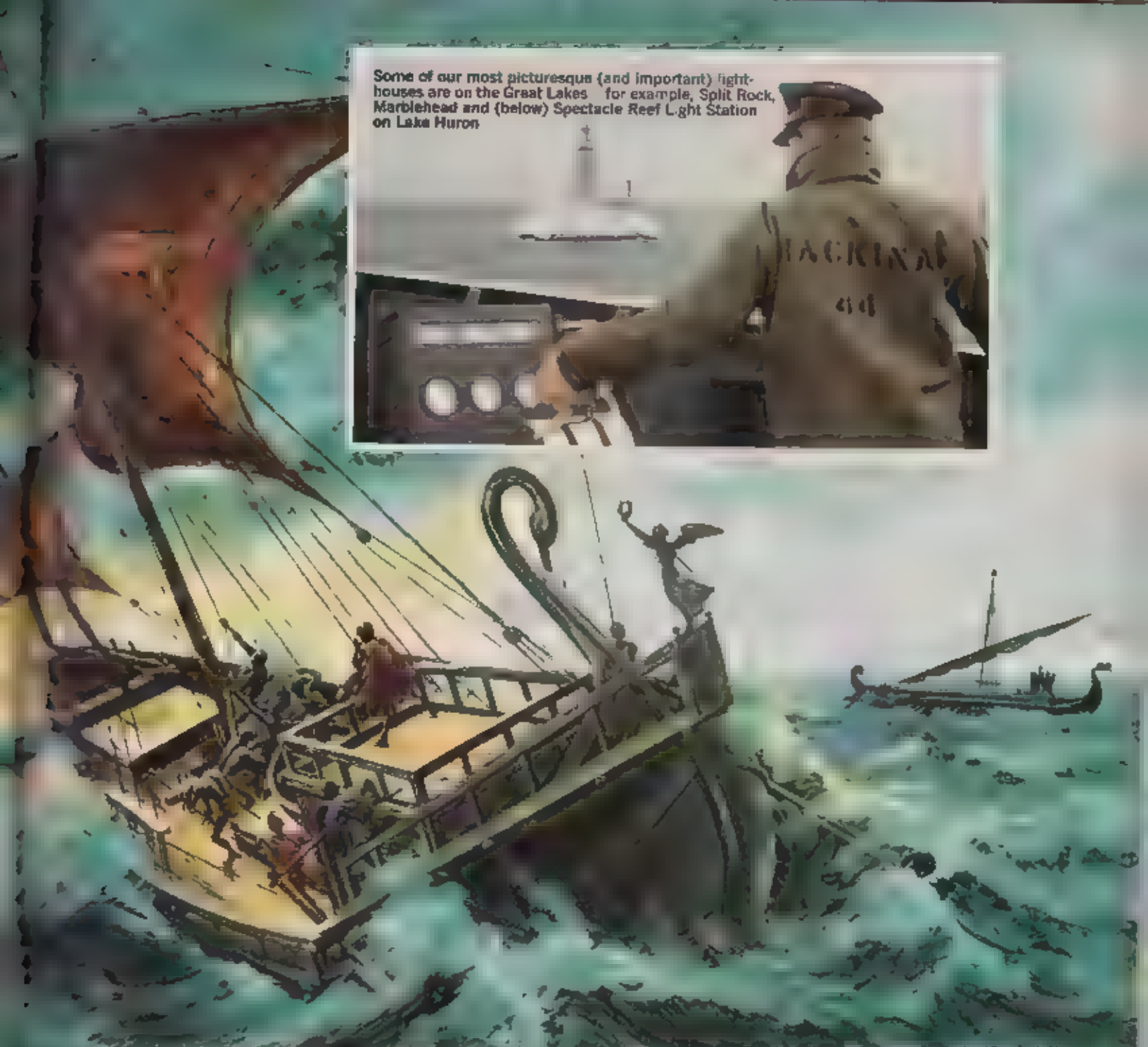
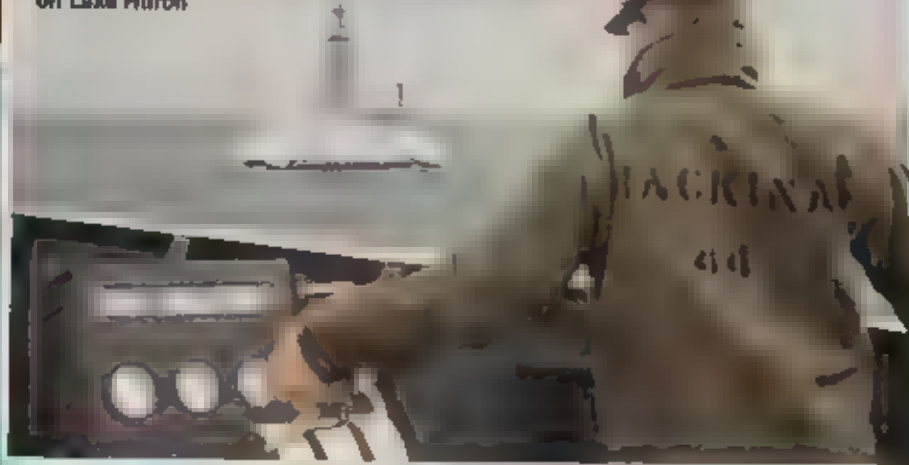
The Seventh Wonder of the Ancient World was a

LIGHTHOUSE...

It was the Pharos of Alexandria, said to be 600 feet high. The flame in its tower signalled mariners that here was the approach to the Nile and the riches of Egypt. Today there are lighthouses on all waterways of the world — oceans, lakes and rivers alike.

America's most famous lighthouses guard the oceans' shores. Along the Atlantic coast: Portland Head Light (177 years old and built on orders from George Washington); Minot's Ledge (known as Lover's Light because its beacon traditionally spells out

Some of our most picturesque (and important) light-houses are on the Great Lakes for example, Split Rock, Marblehead and (below) Spectacle Reef Light Station on Lake Huron



Changing a 1,000 watt bulb at St. John's



St. John's Light, Mayport Station, Florida



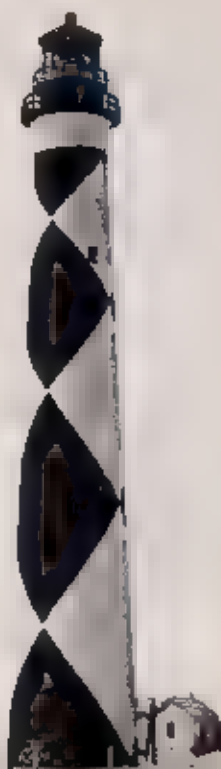
Probably the most accessible lighthouse to the public is within the city limits of Biloxi, Mississippi, on Highway 90 (below). Other famous lighthouses are (upper left) Block Island, Southeast Light Station, Rhode Island, and (lower left) Cape Lookout Light, Harker's Island, North Carolina.



"I Love You"); Montauk Point on Long Island; Sandy Hook and Barnegat Light in New Jersey, Savannah's Tybee Lighthouse (twice burned, once in the Civil War and once during a hurricane) Along the Pacific coast San Diego's Point Loma, with two lighthouses, Point Concepcion (above Santa Barbara, on a headland known as "Cape Horn of the Pacific"), New Dungeness in Washington; and several in Oregon guarding the mouth of the Columbia River, "Graveyard of the Pacific."

America's first lighthouse was built in 1716 at the entrance to Boston Harbor. Since most Colonial shipping was by water, the lights were the road signs of yesteryear. In 1789, Congress provided for lighthouses and buoys. The Congress established the Lighthouse Board in 1852 and replaced it with the Lighthouse Service in 1910. The Service was consolidated with the Coast Guard as part of the Treasury Department in 1939.

In ancient times, the light came from burning wood or charcoal. Then came tallow candles and oil lamps, but now electricity and acetylene gas are most common. Lighthouses are divided into three groups — *marking* lights (the first a sailor sees and thus the one he makes for), *coasting* lights (to guide a ship along the coast line) and *leading* lights (to direct a ship into a channel or harbor). Each year the government publishes books listing all the lighthouses, lightships and buoys. Guests are usually welcome at lighthouses, but it's best to check in advance to make sure of visiting hours.





PLACES TO GO

Last fall, Uncle Scrooge McDuck sent Donald and the nephews, Huey, Dewey and Louie, on a wonderful research trip. Uncle Scrooge wanted to go into the dairy business, and he thought Vermont a good place to begin.

Since Donald and the boys dearly love an auto trip, they were only too glad to sling their cameras into the car, fill the tank with gasoline and get going. They quickly discovered that Vermont is indeed a good place for a dairy farm. It is more than nine times as big as Rhode Island, but has only half as many people. There is plenty of empty grazing land for cows. It's a big horse-raising area, too. The famous Morgan horse comes from Vermont.

All this beautiful space makes the state a haven for tourists. In the spring and summer they come to enjoy the natural splendors of the wooded mountains and to fish in the lakes and streams. In the fall the flaming colors of the changing trees draw thousands to the state. And in the winter there is skiing, in most years there is snow on the ground for at least three months.

Vermont is a New England state, but it remained a frontier state for a long, long time - possibly because it has no seacoast. The first permanent settlement in Massachusetts was in 1620, when the Mayflower nudged up to shore with all those Pilgrims aboard. New Hampshire had a permanent colony by 1628, and in 1636 Roger Williams was busy founding Providence in Rhode Island. But Vermont remained unsettled until well into the 18th century.

True, Samuel Champlain did arrive in the area about 1609. He decided against remaining, however. In 1666, Captain LaMothe built a fort and shrine in what is now Vermont. But, possibly because it was built on an island in Lake Champlain, it failed to become the crossroads of the world. At last, in 1724, the English built Fort Drummer near what is Brattleboro. It was to protect

V
E
R
M
O
N
T



During their trip, the boys go out on a limb to take pictures. However, the photographs on these pages are by Carlos Elmer



Stowehof is built like an Alpine lodge. This makes sense at Stowe, where skiers swarm in every winter. The car in front of the house is a rare 1936 Ford Phaeton

At Richmond is the "round church. Actually it has 16 sides. It is used today as a town meeting hall





the settlers from the Indians, and it is considered to be the first permanent settlement in Vermont.

Vermont is a rugged state inhabited by rugged people. By nature a Vermonter is quiet and independent. This was proved as long ago as 1700. There was some dispute about who had jurisdiction over Vermont. New Hampshire claimed the area and so did New York. A number of Vermont folk held title to their lands because they had grants from New Hampshire. They were not about to take any backchat from New Yorkers. So Ethan Allen organized a group known as the Green Mountain Boys, and they effectively harassed the New Yorkers. When the American Revolution broke out, the Green Mountain Boys turned out to be quite handy. They captured Ticonderoga for the colonists.

Many years later, Vermont was to send a native son to the White House. He was Calvin Coolidge, also known as "Silent Cal." His were the typical Vermont virtues of simplicity and personal honesty. Also, one suspects that he knew how to hold his tongue. In 1928, he announced that he "did not choose to run" for the presidency again, and he retired to Northampton to write his autobiography. The hip generation today would appreciate Coolidge's campaign slogan "Keep cool with Cal."

Above: Vermont has many covered bridges. The roof keeps the snow off the bridge, but it is there mainly to keep the timbers dry.

Below: This mill at Jericho is a reminder of earlier industry in Vermont.





*For the early months of 1970
The Wonderful World of Disney,
again presented by the Gulf Oil Company,
will feature a wide vista of entertainment,
featuring the world's finest actors
and some of nature's nuttiest characters.*

SECRETS OF THE PIRATE'S INN

is an exciting, contemporary mystery in which three small children help an aging sea captain, played by Academy Award winner Ed Begley, to locate the lost treasure of Jean Lafitte, hidden in an old Pirate's Inn. They run into problems when a ruthless man who has also been searching for the treasure finds it first. At gun-point he takes one of the children as a hostage to insure his escape. But he doesn't figure that the loyalty of the children to each other would trap him in the end.



BON VOYAGE

was filmed aboard the S.S. United States, the busy boulevards of Paris and the sun-drenched French



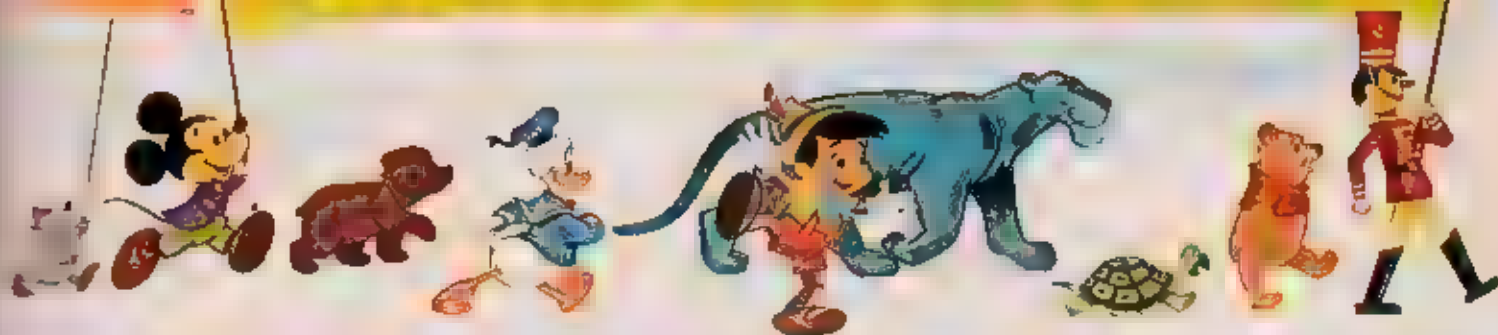
Riviera. This successful 1962 feature film covers the hilarious experiences of an American couple's first overseas trip with their three children. Fred MacMurray and Jane Wyman portray the parents of Deborah Walley, Tommy Kirk and Kevin "Moochie" Corcoran. Michael Callan portrays a playboy bent on courting the daughter. MacMurray soon finds his daughter and teenage son are more interested in love than the Louvre, his wife more drawn to Dior than Degas, and his youngest son lost in the labyrinth of sewers under the city.

INKY, THE INQUISITIVE CROW

is a live-action drama centering around a teenage girl, an old man and a remarkable crow. The girl, Debbie, is a loner who can't seem to get along with her schoolmates and turns to nature's creatures for companionship. She meets Inky after the bird gets mixed up in some of the old man's paint. The old codger is also a loner and has gained the reputation as a skinflint because he runs the neighborhood

on
the

Wonderful World of Disney



BIG RED

tells the story of a wealthy Canadian sportsman, a young French-Canadian lad and Red, a prize Irish setter. Walter Pidgeon portrays the sportsman who hires the boy to take care of the dog. But when the boy and dog become so attached that the setter cannot properly perform in the prize ring, the man separates them. The boy and dog then strike out for the woods to hide. The sportsman follows. In the wilderness they are stalked by a mountain lion, leading to a confrontation between Big Red and the cat. Filmed on location in and around the village of LaMalbaie, Quebec, and at Big Bear in California, the film contains exceptionally scenic footage of virgin forests and blue rivers and picturesque lakes.



THE YELLOWSTONE CUBS

is the amazing adventure of two mischievous bear cubs who are separated from their mother, Nakomis, and wander aimlessly through Yellowstone National Park. In her frantic search for them, Nakomis disturbs a trailer and is branded a troublemaker by the rangers, who daub her with paint and transport her to high country. She will be shot on sight if she returns to the camp. Undaunted, Nakomis immediately starts back to find her cubs. She finally locates them at the Park Inn. As soon as she is spotted, the rangers are called to shoot her. Just in time, the rangers



spot the cubs and realize that she is simply a worried mother searching for her lost babies.

kids out of his orchard. In his own inimitable way, Inky pulls Debbie and the old man out of their shells. Featured in the show are many intimate scenes of never-before-filmed life among crows.



SWINGIN' FAIRY TALES

JACK and the BEANSTALK

as told by Friendly Old Uncle George



Once upon a time there was a boy named Jack who lived on a farm with his mother and a cow. His mother was named Mother, and the cow was called Lolita. On the farm they grew beans—Navy beans, lima beans, string beans, snap beans, green beans and split-pea beans. The trouble was that Mother hated beans.

One night, while Jack was busy doing his homework (he went to Torquemada Union High School) and Mother was pouring marshmallow syrup over some beans (on her way to inventing Mother's Famous Bean Sundae), Lolita wandered out into the meadow for a bedtime snack. She was in a particularly tasty patch of alfalfa when she noticed the movie playing at the Do-It-Yourself Drive-In Theater next door. It was the story of a little girl who sang and danced and

became very famous in show business. Lolita was so entranced that she forgot all about the alfalfa. Later, when she curled up in her stall in the barn to go to sleep, she dreamed of singing and dancing and show business.

The next night, Lolita was waiting when the drive-in movie began. She settled down in her corner of the pasture with an evening's supply of alfalfa and a bag of popcorn, and for hours and hours she watched the little girl in the movie become a famous star.

"Well," moored Lolita when the movie was over, "If she can do it, so can I!" Whereupon, she began to practice her singing and dancing.

Needless to say, it wasn't long before the neighbors began to complain. First of all, Lolita did not have the best singing voice in the world, her favorite song was "I'm the Cream in your

Coffee," and it came out pretty sour, believe me. Also, she preferred tap-dancing, and when she got all four hooves going at once it sounded as if the entire Light Brigade were charging right across the meadow. In addition, she was so busy munching grass and giving milk during the day that she didn't have time to practice until after the late show at the drive-in. So the neighbors had plenty to complain about.

At first Jack and Mother tried to ignore Lolita, but an all-singing, all-dancing cow is not easy to ignore.

"Knock it off, cow!" Mother would yell, and Lolita would respond with a chorus of "Moooon River"

"Cut it out, Lolita!" Jack would

beg, and the cow would answer with a triple-tap, back-flip, fourlegged split.

Eventually, Mother had had enough.

"Either that cow goes, or I go!" she announced one morning as she was fixing Jack's breakfast of Bean Krispies.

"All right," Jack agreed, "I'll take Lolita to town and see if I can get her a job in the circus."

So Jack set off for town with Lolita, who was happily humming "There's No Business Like Show Business."

When they got to town, Jack discovered that the circus was not due for another six months. Both Jack and Lolita were very sad — Lolita because she was missing her big chance in show-biz, and Jack because he couldn't go home again with Lolita.



Then Jack saw the answer to his problem — Honest Annie's Used Cow Lot. As Jack neared the lot, Honest Annie ran toward him. "You lucky, lucky boy," she bubbled, "You are the one millionth customer of Honest Annie — that's me. How would you like to buy a brand new Guernsey?"

Jack said, "I had in mind selling, not buying."

"Selling what?" asked Annie, trying not to look at Lolita.

"Lolita," Jack replied.

"Just my luck," moaned Annie. "My one millionth customer, and I'm the one who gets stuck with a lemon."

"How much will you give me?"


Annie surveyed Lolita with a critical eye. "She's a little run down at the hooves, and she must have better than 100,000 miles on her, but because you are a very special customer, I'll give

you a bag of magic goodies in exchange for Lolita." Annie did some more fast talking, and Jack finally accepted the bag of magic goodies and let Honest Annie have Lolita.

But when he got home and opened the bag, he found it contained nothing but beans. Jack's mother yelled at him, "We've got enough beans around this joint to sink a ferry boat, and what do you bring home? More beans." She was so angry she threw the bag out the window. Jack went to bed in disgrace.

When he awoke the next morning, Jack looked out the window. And right where his mother had thrown the beans was the biggest beanstalk he had ever seen.

"That's the biggest beanstalk I've ever seen," Jack said to Mother. "I must climb up the beanstalk and see



YOU'RE NUTS,
JACK!



HI,
GIANT!

HI,
DUMB DUMB!

what's at the top."

"OK," Mother agreed, "but you'd better get dressed first—you might meet someone and you're still in your pajamas."

So Jack got dressed, and Mother gave him a freeze-dried bean soda to take with him, and he started to climb the beanstalk.

At first, climbing the beanstalk was fun, and Jack enjoyed looking back to see the farm and the town and the whole world grow smaller and smaller. But after a while, Jack became bored. After all, climbing a beanstalk is not the most exciting sport in the world.

A little bird flew up to him, "Hi, Jack," said the little bird. "Where're you going?"

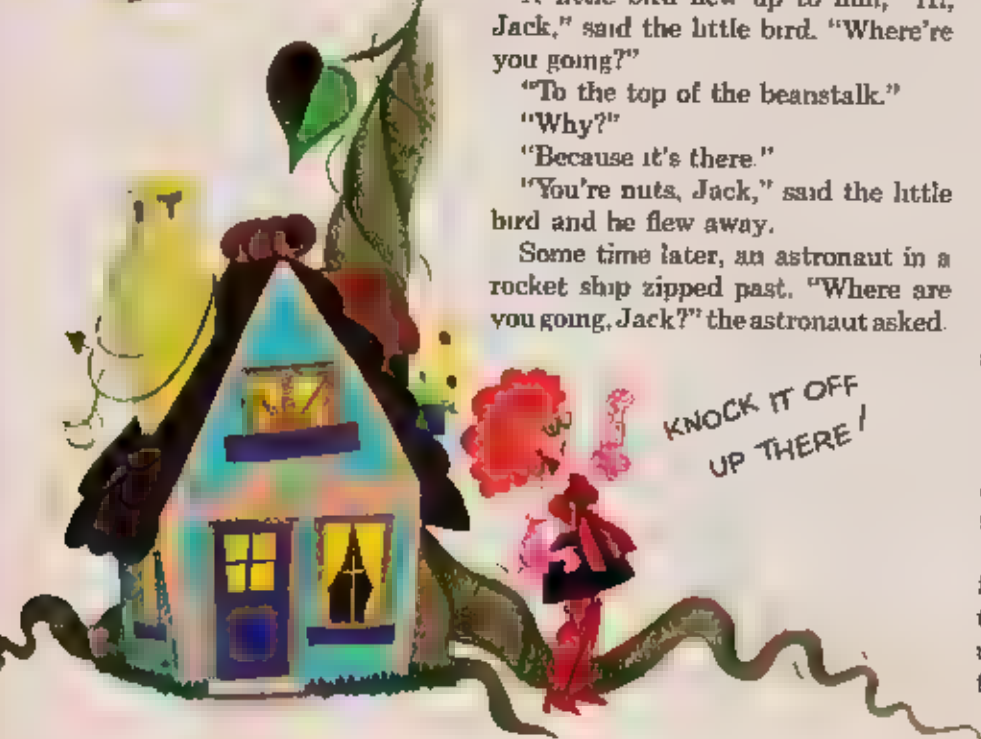
"To the top of the beanstalk."

"Why?"

"Because it's there."

"You're nuts, Jack," said the little bird and he flew away.

Some time later, an astronaut in a rocket ship zipped past. "Where are you going, Jack?" the astronaut asked.



KNOCK IT OFF
UP THERE!

"To the top of the beanstalk—because it's there," Jack answered, condensing the conversation a bit.

"You're nuts, Jack," said the astronaut and he turned left toward outer space.

Finally Jack came to a great, fleecy cloud, and on top of the great, fleecy cloud was a beautiful castle and a not-so-beautiful giant guarding it.

"Hi, giant," said Jack in a friendly manner. And the giant replied, "Fee, fie, fo, fum, what are you doing up here, dumb-dumb?"

"Just sight-seeing," Jack explained. "Got any sights worth seeing?"

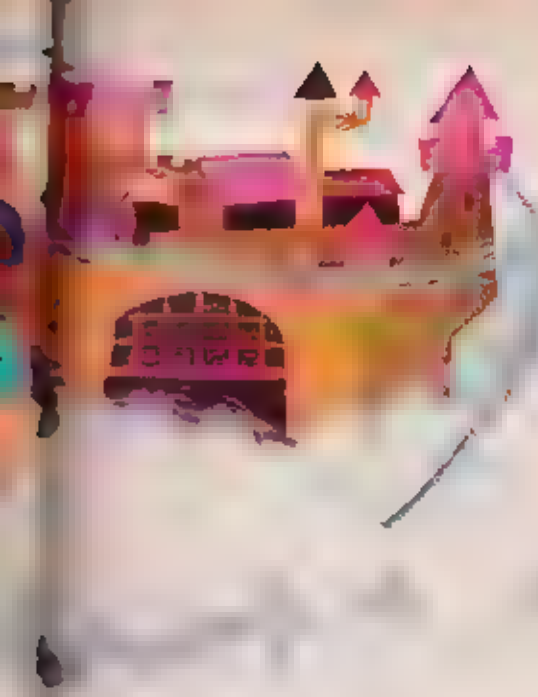
"How about a goose that lays golden eggs?" the giant suggested, nodding to a slightly moth-eaten bird sitting on a nest nearby. "Her name is Gertrude."

"I don't care much for eggs," Jack admitted, and then he remembered the lunch Mother had packed for him. "Care to share a straw in a bean soda?"

"Thanks," the giant agreed. "I get pretty tired of golden eggs three times a day."

The giant was delighted with the soda, and after lunch he gave Jack the 25¢ tour of the castle free. Afterward, Jack bought a picture postcard to send to Mother.

Well, everything was going along fairly well when their cloud gave a terrible lurch and Lolita the cow shot up into sight. She circled the castle twice and landed with an awful thud



CRAZY!



HEY, JUDE

right on top of Gertrude, who let out an angry squawk.

"That's the last golden egg I'll lay around *here*!" she announced, and she flew off to join a band of gypsy geese who were headed south for the winter.

"Ho, Lolita," Jack said. "What are you doing here?"

"Still trying to break into show business," the cow moaned mournfully. "I thought I'd get plenty of publicity by jumping over the moon, but I didn't aim high enough."

"You've scared off the goose that lays the golden eggs," the giant complained. "I will make hamburger out of you and have you for dinner."

Jack wasn't particularly eager to have Lolita covered with catsup and served on a bun, so he cried, "Run, Lolita! Slide down the beanstalk to safety!"

"A cow sliding down a beanstalk?" Lolita asked. "You're nuts, Jack."

Whereupon the giant began to chase Lolita, and Jack began to chase the giant, and little chunks of the cloud began to shake loose and fall on Mother's farmhouse.

"Knock it off up there! Mother yelled, waving her fist at the cloud.

"Excuse me, m'am," the giant apologized, "but this cow jumped on top of my goose and scared her away."

"If you think that's bad, wait till she starts singing and dancing," Mother replied. Then she had a wonderful idea. "Hey, giant, why don't

you come down here and have a bean Popsicle."

"Groovy!" said the giant and slid down the beanstalk.

"Crazy!" said Jack and slid down after him.

"They're all nuts," said Lolita and she stayed where she was.

And as soon as they were on the ground, Mother chopped down the beanstalk. This left Lolita singing and dancing all alone on top of the cloud.

MORAL

A little talent can be a dangerous thing, especially if you're a cow

THE CASE OF THE LIGHT-FINGERED FIDDLER

What has happened so far: The royal jewels are missing! When Scotland Yard is unable to locate them, Pongo and Lucky Puppy decide to recruit all the dogs in England to join in the search. The information is passed on by the Twilight Bark. Near dreary old Hell Hall, a sheep dog known as the Colonel and a cat, Sergeant Tibs, find their old enemies, Horace and Jasper Badun, in the company of an evil genius known as the Fiddler. The Colonel sends for Pongo, who arrives with Lucky Puppy in tow. The dogs sneak into the house and Lucky finds the royal jewels in the basement. After Pongo goes to the village to fetch the police, the Baduns come to the cellar. The Colonel and Tibs escape, but Lucky Puppy is trapped and at the mercy of Horace, Jasper and the Fiddler!

Story suggested by the film
"The 101 Dalmatians"

Based on the book
"The Hundred and One Dalmatians"
by Dodie Smith, published by The Viking Press.



"We must rescue young Lucky from the Baduns and the Fiddler!"

The Colonel announced. The old sheep dog was pacing his command post at the edge of the field.

Sergeant Tibs agreed. "Let's go!" he urged.

"Not so fast, Sergeant! This is a military operation! We've got to plan our campaign!"

Tibs saluted.

"We must have a meeting of the general staff," the Colonel pointed out. "We've got to plan strategy, send out patrols, have the ladies' auxiliary stand by with coffee and donuts, prepare..."

Tibs knew only too well that the Colonel's planning session might last longer than Lucky Puppy's luck, so he innocently reminded the Colonel of his famous campaign at the Battle of Waterpup.

"A great victory!" the Colonel exclaimed. "Er... what did I do?"

"You attacked from all sides and so confused the enemy that they were helpless when the reinforcements arrived!"

"Of course!" The Colonel thought for a moment. Then, "Tibs, I have a plan," he announced. "I will remain here at my command post. You will attack from all sides and so confuse the enemy that..."

Before he had finished, Tibs was racing toward the fearful house known as Hell Hall.

Meanwhile, Pongo had reached the village and set up a howl that brought every dog in town hurrying to meet him. He quickly explained that they must help lead the police to Hell Hall, where the jewel thieves were hiding.

A dachshund spoke up. "What if the police don't understand what we want them to do?"

"Do whatever you must," Pongo instructed, "but get the police to Hell Hall."

Immediately the dogs fanned out through the village streets. The dachshund found a man in

blue, then began nipping at his heels. A cocker spaniel pushed over a coal scuttle practically under the nose of another officer. A French poodle sought out the Chief Constable himself. She fluttered her long, silky eyelashes at him, then bit him lightly on the ankle to make sure he got the message. He chased her down the street to the village square, where he found himself face to face with the rest of his force. The police were all surrounded by happily barking dogs.

Suddenly the other dogs were silent. Only Pongo barked and jumped and growled and snapped. Then he stood absolutely still and deliberately raised one paw to point down the road toward Hell Hall.

The Chief Constable shook his head with wonder. "Men," he said, "I do believe these dogs are trying to tell us something."

At that, the dogs broke into delighted barks of agreement and raced down the road. After a moment of hesitation, the mystified policemen followed them.

While Pongo had been busy getting the police, Sergeant Tibs hadn't been idle. The intrepid cat had crept back into the frightening old house. Sure enough, the Baduns were there trying to work the rusty padlock on the door of the basement room where Lucky was trapped. Tibs surveyed the situation for a second, then dashed in to claw Horace's ankle and bite Jasper on the knee.

The two evil-doers howled with pain and rage. Jasper reached for Tibs, but the cat streaked away across the room and leaped onto a work bench. From there he scrambled up onto a stack of fruit baskets. From the top of the baskets he launched himself onto Horace's back, claws exposed.

"Get this crazy cat off me!" cried Horace.

Jasper swung at Tibs with a



large stick just as the cat jumped to the floor. Unfortunately for Horace, Jasper's aim was very good. The stick landed squarely between Horace's sixth vertebra and his fourth cat-scratch!

"Not me, you fool!" Horace raged. "Hit the cat!"

But Tibs was already launching a new offensive. This time he overwhelmed Jasper with a barrage of spitting and snarling. Each time one of the thieves tried to get away, the Sergeant attacked again, chasing the Baduns in circles, squares, ovals, oblongs and patterns of helpless confusion.

"Help!" Jasper yelled at last. "Someone HELP!"

The words were hardly out of Jasper's mouth before the front door of the house burst open and a small army of policemen, accompanied by Pongo, the Colonel and all the village dogs, came charging down the cellar stairs. Sergeant Tibs smiled and retreated from the field of combat to lick his whiskers in triumph.

"What's going on here?" the Chief Constable demanded.

"Oh, nothing," the Baduns replied, trying to hide their surprise and fear. "Uh—just a little game."

But Pongo was already posed with one paw pointing to the locked door. "Help me!" he called to the other dogs. "We have to make the policemen understand where the stolen jewels are hidden!"

The other dogs quickly followed Pongo's example. Even the Colonel did his bit, though he wasn't very athletic and he fell over twice before the Chief Constable got the idea.

When the police forced the lock and the door swung open, there was Lucky cheerfully playing with the world's largest pigeonblood ruby

"Lucky!" cried Pongo, trying to be stern. "You should have more respect for the royal jewels!"

"I thought it was a glass Easter egg," Lucky answered with an innocent smile. "Who are your friends, Papa?"

Before Pongo could explain that his friends were the police, the Chief Constable had seen the gems heaped under Lucky's paws and was snapping heavy-duty handcuffs on Horace and Jasper Badun.

The dogs were congratulating themselves on the capture of the thieves when Sergeant Tibs suddenly stopped and frowned. "There was a thurd thief," he whispered to Pongo. "The man who played the bass violin!"

Pongo was puzzled. "I don't know how we can tell the policemen about him," he told Tibs. "And I'll bet the Fiddler is the brams of the gang!"

"I say!" The Chief Constable, who had been sorting through the jewels, looked up with a very unhappy expression on his face. "The Star of Liverpool necklace is missing! It's the most valuable item of them all!"

It was then that Tibs remembered the Fiddler's big fiddle case! No doubt the Fiddler had hidden the necklace there, hoping to fool the Baduns and keep the necklace for himself.

Tibs dashed up the steps from the basement and crossed the hall to the room where he had first seen the fiddle case. Sure enough, there it was, lying open and empty on the floor. The cat nosed around the case, sniffing and snuffing. Then he stepped carefully into the case. There was something very strange here—something that...

What the brave cat did not know was that the evil man known as the Fiddler had hidden behind the kitchen cupboard when he heard the policemen thunder down to the basement. He had guessed that the stolen jewels had been discovered. Now he was stealing silently into the room where he had left his fiddle case. And.



WHOMP!

The cover of the case snapped shut, trapping Tibs inside! And a secret compartment snapped open, spilling a necklace of emeralds and moonstones about the cat's neck. A second later, Tibs fell against the side of the case as it was lifted from the floor.

"YEEE-OWWW!"

Tibs rocked from side to side. He yeowled and yelled and screeched and spit. Cats hate to be cooped up in small places, and Sergeant Tibs was no exception. His voice was shrill with terror.

The Fiddler was taking a desperate chance. He had to be silent to steal through the house, collect his violin case and escape without being seen by dog or man. When the pent-up cat began to snarl, the master criminal panicked. With the violin case bumping clumsily on the floor, the Fiddler ran for the hallway.

There in the doorway was Pongo, staring at him. Behind Pongo were several large policemen, and they were staring at him, too. And to one side of the policemen were Horace and Jasper, also staring.

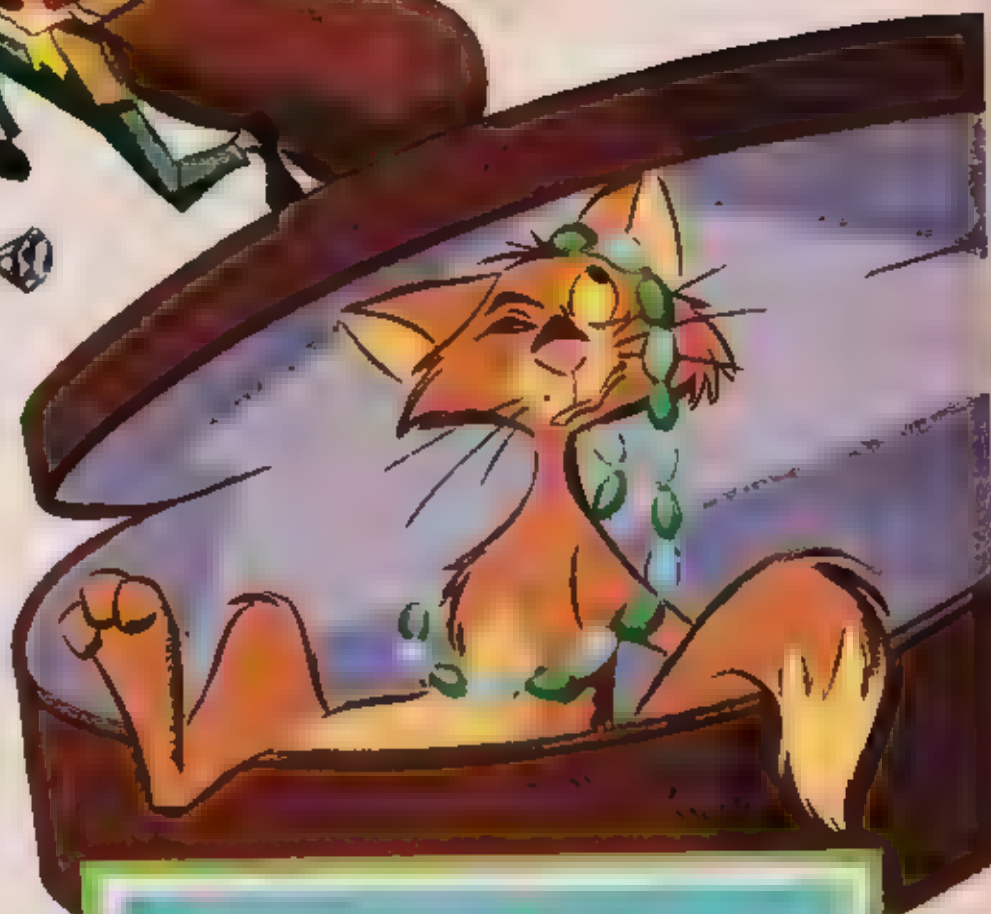


Before the Fiddler could say a word, the Chief Constable seized the violin case and opened it. Still complaining at the top of his voice, Tibs streaked out. Spitting and hissing, he glared at the Fiddler. The Star of Liverpool necklace was draped loosely over his ears.

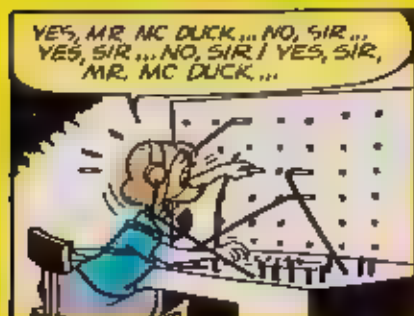
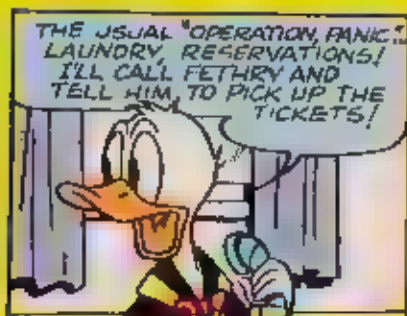
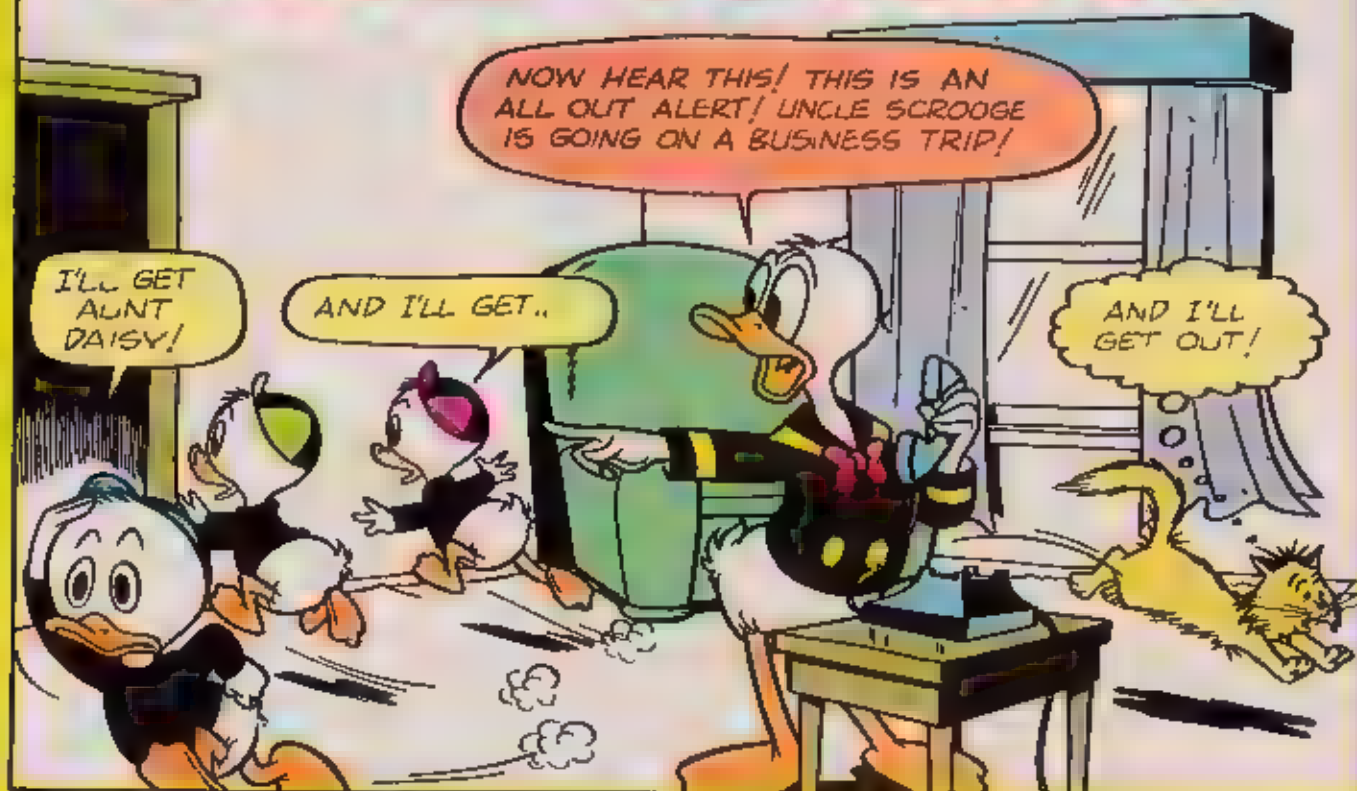
Lucky Puppy padded forward and nuzzled Tibs in a friendly way. "The newspaper photographers are coming," warned Lucky. "Don't you want to take off the necklace before they take your picture? Who ever heard of a tom cat wearing emeralds?"

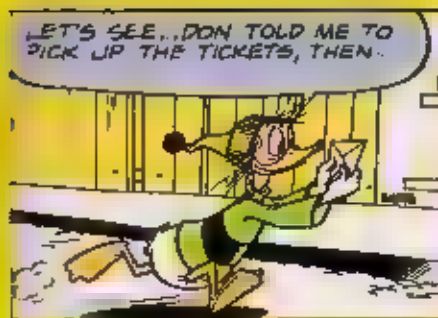
At this, Tibs *did* take off the necklace. Rather, he let the Chief Constable take it off. The police took the Fiddler and the Baduns to jail, and Tibs and the dogs had their pictures taken for the newspapers. Then the Colonel congratulated all the dogs for having done their duty. Lucky Puppy got a very special commendation from the Colonel. Not only had he been the first to discover the jewels, but he had kept Sergeant Tibs from being a very embarrassed hero!

At last Pongo said it was time to start for home. Lucky Puppy was very pleased. "I'm glad we were proper, patriotic dogs and captured those thieves," he said to his father, "but it will be awfully nice to be back home with my own favorite dog-blanket!"

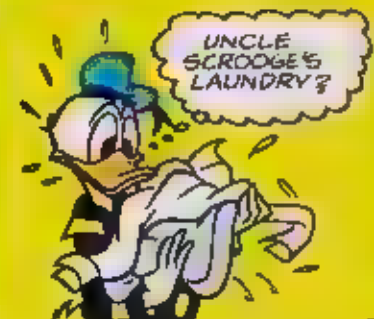
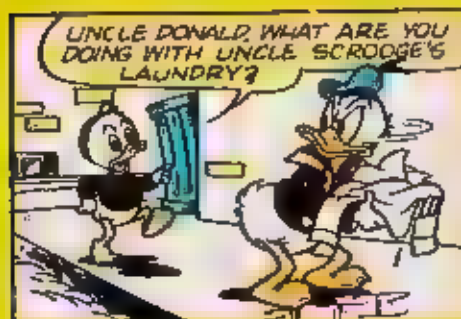
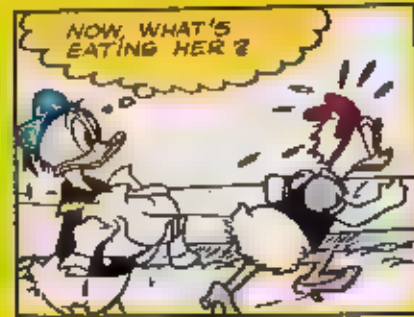
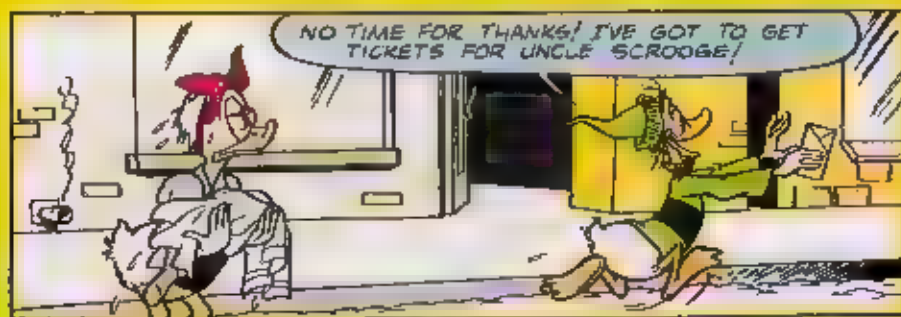
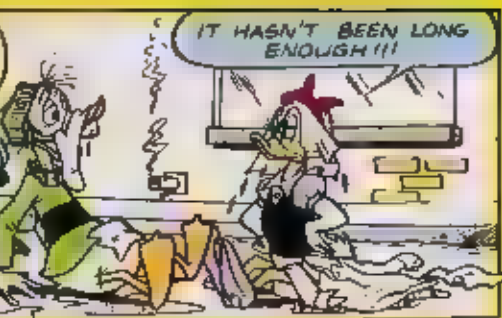


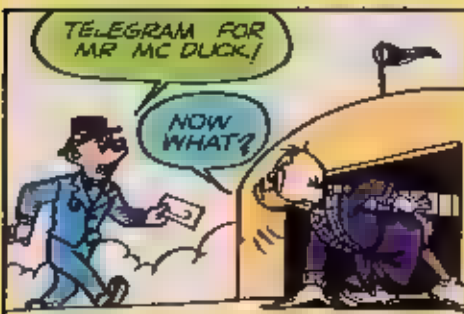
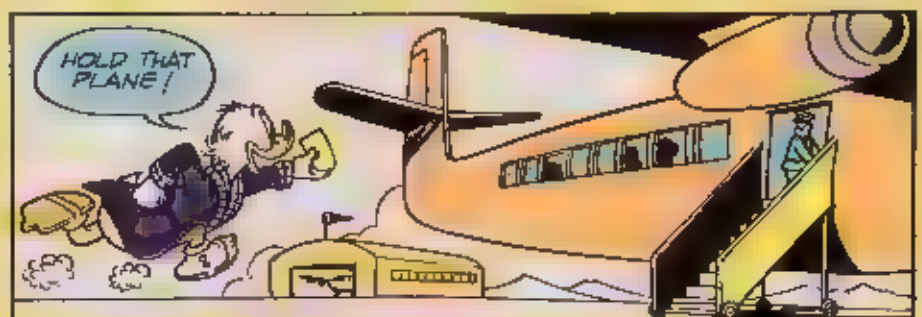
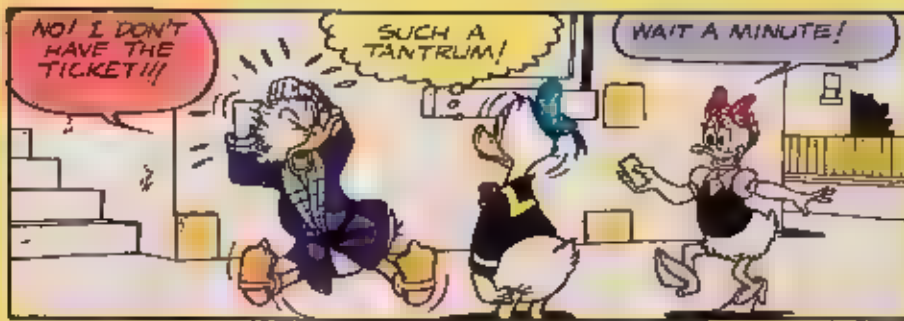
WALT DISNEY'S UNCLE SCROOGE





SPLAT





There was a time, not so very long ago, when leprechauns lived throughout the length and breadth of Ireland. They were often glimpsed at sunset, tap-tapping with their tiny hammers as they made shoes for other fairy folk.

Those with a grain of caution in their hearts left the leprechauns strictly alone, for the little people were tricky, and they could be downright spiteful if they were offended. Woe to the mortal who accepted food or drink from a leprechaun. If he couldn't pay the price, he had to serve the small shoemaker for seven years and a day – and that's quite a slice out of anyone's life.

Although they were small and wizened up and wrinkled, leprechauns sometimes fell in love with human maidens. When this happened, they could carry off the lass if she sneezed three times in a row and no one blessed her.

The little people were known to be fabulously wealthy. Even the poorest leprechaun had at least one crock of gold buried in the ground.

Today the leprechauns still make their shoes and hoard their golden treasure in the lonelier parts of the Emerald Isle. But there are not as many of them as once there were. Like many of the Irish, the leprechauns have emigrated to the New World.

If you'll turn the page, you will see our Monster of the Month – a leprechaun named Sean. He came to America expecting to find that the streets were paved with gold. Sean found, instead, that the streets were paved with cobblestones, asphalt, cement, gravel, sand and, in some cases, plain old dust. Not a nugget of gold was there to be seen. To make matters worse, there was very little call in the New World for a fairy shoemaker, and hiding treasure in the earth was a real drag.

Sean became seriously depressed until he came into possession of an electric harp. This made such marvelous, twanging sounds that Sean soon attracted the attention of two other musical leprechauns. They formed a group which has been very successful playing at wakes, weddings and love-ins sponsored by the Hibernian Society. Although there are not many of these, Sean and his friends are having such a swinging time that they've completely forgotten gold – let alone shoemaking.

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO THE

LEPRECHAUN



MONSTER OF THE MONTH





The Brave Mice and the MIDNIGHT MARAUDERS

In this issue, Jaq tells how he, his friend Gus, and a host of other brave mice discovered an infamous plot to capture Cinderella's royal castle.

Anyone who knows Anastasia and Drizella, Cinderella's nasty stepsisters, won't be surprised to learn that they were sick with envy when Cinderella married her prince. If they could have sabotaged the wedding, they would have. But they couldn't, so they pretended to be overjoyed at Cindy's good fortune. They even asked if they might come to live at the palace. And Cinderella, generous girl that she is, allowed them to come.

Once they got to the palace, these two harpies gave themselves great airs. They wore their best dresses every afternoon and used much too much perfume. They flirted with all the courtiers and tried very, very hard to catch husbands for themselves. The court gentlemen became quite clever at avoiding them. The Keeper of the Privy Seal would dart down the nearest staircase when he saw Anastasia. The Master of the King's Bedchamber once climbed a rose trellis to get away from Drizella. The Chancellor of the Royal Groomsmen took to hiding in the stables, and so did the Guardian of the Imperial Tennis Courts.

Then Rudolf, grand duke of the neighboring kingdom of Corvina, paid a state call on the old



king. The sisters fluttered their fake eyelashes at the grand duke, and at his aide, Count Ludwig von Beetlebrow. Instead of leaping into the nearest cupboard or hiding behind the sofa, the two visitors actually seemed to enjoy this. Duke Rudolf kissed Anastasia's hand. Count Ludwig told Drizella she sang like an angel. Both gentlemen took the sisters for long, moonlit walks on the battlements of the castle. It was weird!

True, you couldn't really call Count Ludwig or Duke Rudolf handsome. The count was skinny, with sandy hair and an enormous red nose. The duke was fat and whiskery, and he wheezed when he walked. But Anastasia and Drizella didn't mind—a homely man is better than no man at all.

One night, during the second week of Duke Rudolf's visit, a traveler came to the castle. It was a Chinese magician who did tricks with balls and scarfs and set off firecrackers which he took out of a big trunk. Gus and I watched him from a crack in the wall just above the second-best throne. But I watched more than the magician. Something about Rudolf and Ludwig made me uneasy, so I watched them, too.

Our Corvinian guests weren't





paying any attention to the magician. They were whispering between themselves. After the Chinese man finished his last trick and the Keeper of the Royal Coffee Urn started serving the coffee, Duke Rudolf yawned. He was tired, he said, and he asked the old king for permission to retire. Then he popped off up the stairs. Count Ludwig popped off, too.

"Something's funny here," I told Gus. "Maybe we should pay a call on the duke."

We scooted up through the walls to the blue and gold guest chamber where the grand duke slept. But Rudolf wasn't sleeping. He and Ludwig were having a lively

discussion. Gus and I hid under the bed and listened. What we heard knocked the wind out of us.

The "friendly" state visit was a trick. Rudolf planned to capture the castle, throw the royal family into prison and rule the country himself. On their moonlight walks with Drizeila and Anastasia, Rudolf and Ludwig had studied the fortifications of the castle and made their plans. Now they were ready. Count Ludwig had put a strong sleeping potion in the after-dinner coffee. In no time at all, everyone in the castle, from the guards at the drawbridge to the king in his tower, would be asleep. And the Grand Army of Corvinia

was marching on us. At midnight, Rudolf and Ludwig would open the gates and let the enemy in. When the court awoke in the morning, Rudolf would be in command and the king would be a prisoner.

"C'mon," I whispered to Gus. "We've got to save the country."

In minutes, the alarm went out to every mouse, young or old, fat or thin. The castle was threatened. The king was in danger!

Our army gathered in the great wine cellar. Quickly I outlined the situation to my friends. It was useless to try to alert the guards. They were drugged. It was up to us mice to save the king.

The plan I had worked out was simple, but rather brilliant. I sent Gus with more than 100 picked mice to the battlements of the castle. Mighty cannons waited there, always loaded and ready to be fired. When we gave the signal, Gus and his men—er, mice—would set off the cannons one at a time, at intervals of a minute or two. Meanwhile, I hurried to the trunk of the Chinese magician with more than 300 courageous soldiers. We managed to get the lid up and take out many, many strings of firecrackers. Then we marched double-time past the sleeping guards and out to the dark wood where the Army of Corvinia would have to pass.

Once in the wood, we took our stations along the path that led to the castle. Each mouse had his orders. Each was determined to die, if necessary, defending his country and his king!

As the clock in the castle tower rang out a quarter to twelve, we heard the Corvinians. They marched silently as ghosts. Even the horses' hoofs were muffled with rags to still the noise. But we heard them, and when their leader, General Borglum, had almost reached the edge of the wood, I gave a command.

Instantly young Hiram Meadowmouse set off a string of firecrackers.

It was our signal! A moment later a cannon roared from the battlements and a cannonball crashed through the trees.

"We are attacked!" yelled the general.

Max Mouse set off another string of firecrackers and the general's horse reared and threw him.

"They've called out the infantry," screamed a colonel who was second in command. "Take cover, men! It's an ambush!"

The Corvinians scrambled to hide in the bushes. I lit a third string of firecrackers almost under the feet of a Corvinian sergeant,

and the cannon on the battlements boomed again.

"I'm wounded!" shouted a sergeant. He grabbed at his leg, which had been a bit singed by the firecrackers.

"We're surrounded!"

"Onward! Attack!"

"No, no! Retreat, retreat!"

Amid the shouting and the confusion, General Borglum's sword swung wide and caught the colonel on the arm. Thinking the enemy was upon him, the colonel struck back and the general went down with a loud "Oooof!"

It was all very satisfactory. Corvinians flailed around smashing at each other in the darkness. Every few minutes Gus fired another cannon. If things began to quiet down, we set off more firecrackers.

The Corvinians began to retreat in complete disorder. We chased them to the edge of the wood, exploding firecrackers as we went. The last we saw of them, they were scrambling toward their own country as fast as they could gallop or run or lump or crawl.

When we returned to the castle, we found the guards rousing themselves from their drugged sleep, and a few of the courtiers stum-

bled out into the corridors trying to find out what all the shooting was about.

I scampered through the walls to the bedchamber of the Princess Cinderella, and when she heard my story she sent guards to search for the Grand Duke Rudolf and Count Ludwig. The two villains were found hiding in a broom closet under the kitchen stairs. They were sent packing back to Corvinia without any breakfast.

That's all there was to that. Except that Gus was made Most Excellent Commander of the King's Cannoneers for his part in the night's battle. I became Regent of the Royal Knights of the Bathwater. We were each given medals, which was nice. Of course, the medals are much too big for a mouse to wear, so we use them for wall decorations in our apartment, just behind the east wall of the pink throne room.

Anastasia and Drizella at least had the grace to feel a little embarrassed about the whole thing. They *had*, after all, been especially friendly with the enemy. They left almost immediately for a long vacation at the seashore. I, for one, don't miss them a bit.



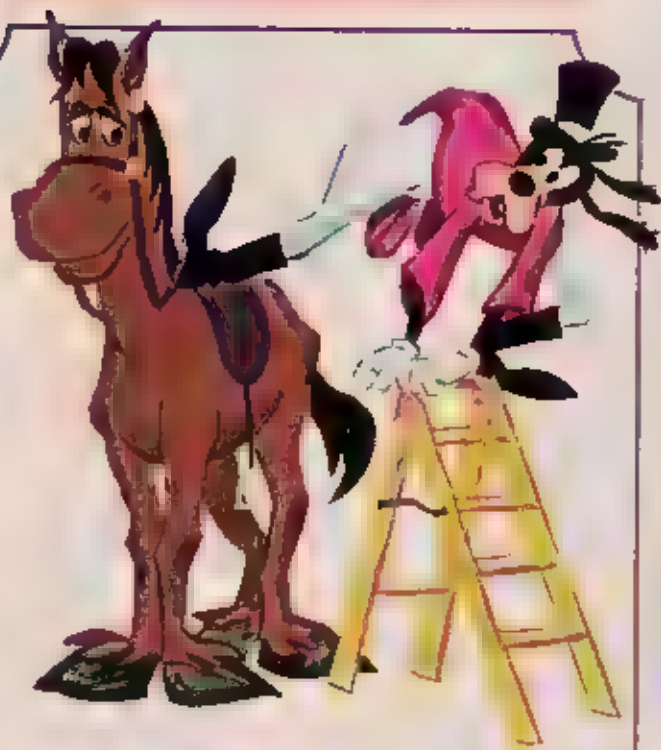
HOW TO RIDE A HORSE



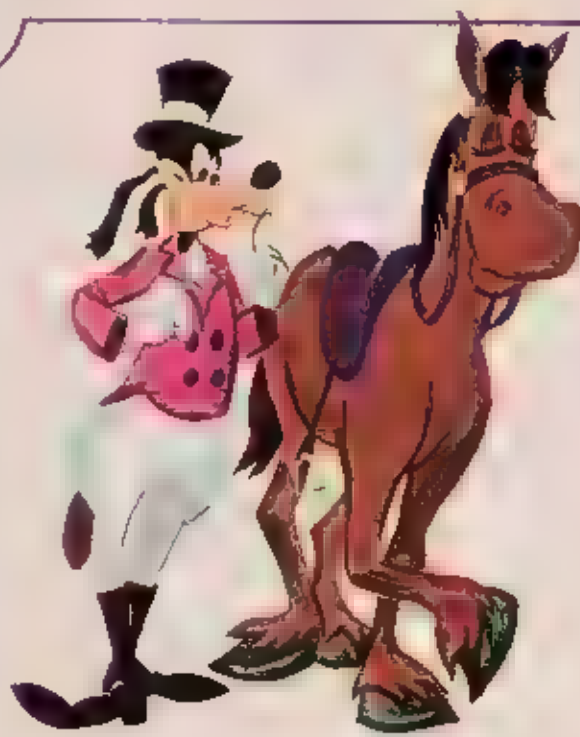
*Straight from the
horse's mouth*



- 1.** Good grooming is essential to good horsemanship. Appearance is everything. I'm speaking of the horse. Riders should look good, too.



- 4.** Always approach a horse with confidence. The mounting block is a valuable aid when the amateur is going riding for the first time.



- 5.** Always mount a horse from the left side, which is the right side, the right side being the wrong side and left—oh, the heck with it!



- 2.** Some horsemen prefer to leap gracefully into the saddle, but take care that we horses don't turn backwards — this is very bad form.



- 3.** All horses love to jump, which is helpful when horse and rider take to the hunt. But some horses love to jump more than other horses.



- 6.** If you should fall from a horse, lie quietly. A horse will never step on a fallen rider. One flaw: Some horses haven't learned this yet.

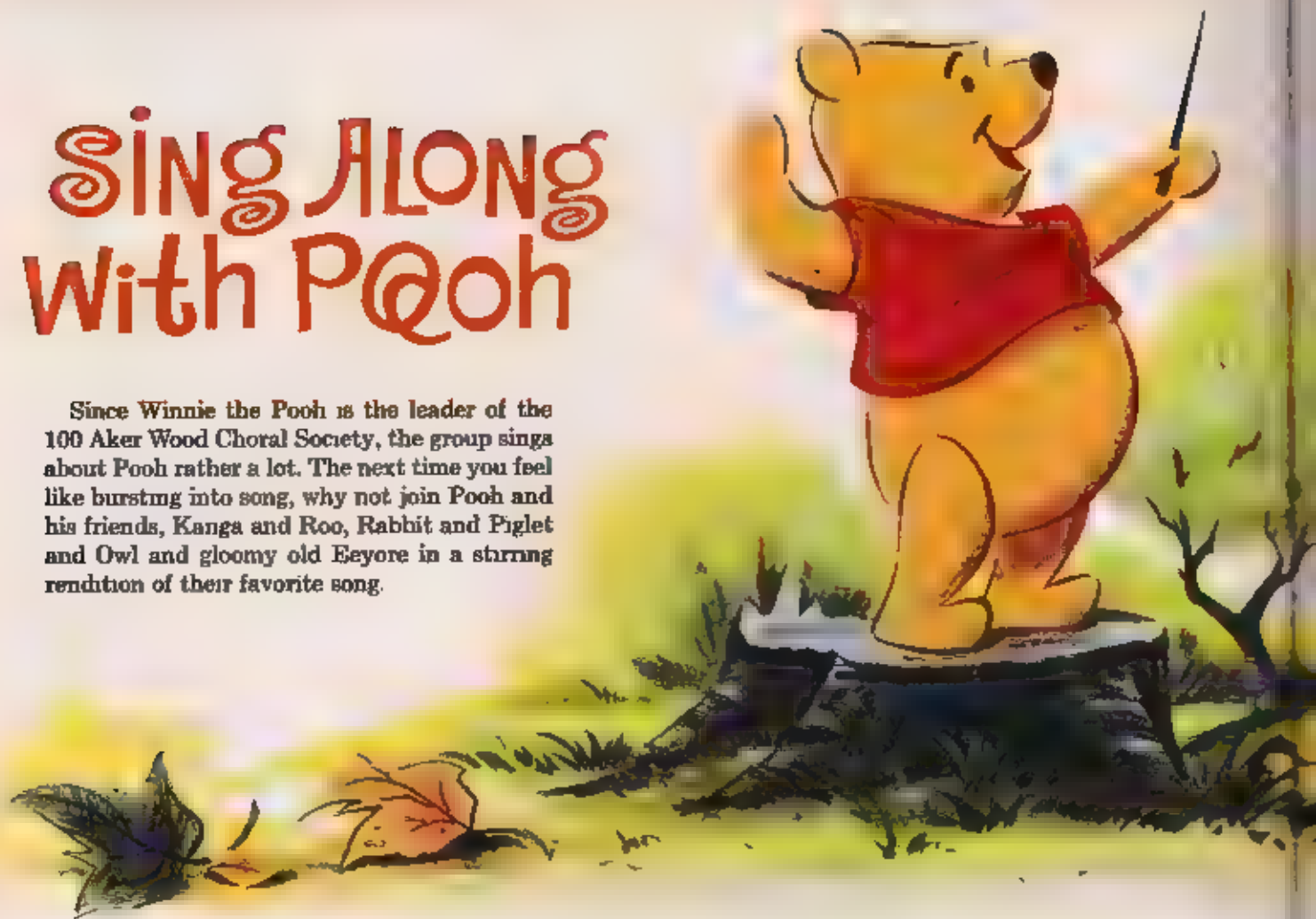
Lesson on Riding

- 1 Be confident; always let us horses know that you are in complete command.
- 2 Start out with a mild-mannered horse, and leave the high-spirited ones to experts.
- 3 Always follow the recognized, marked trails, whether you ride in Central Park or a Rocky Mountain dude ranch.
- 4 Have fun, horseback riding is a wonderful way to experience the great outdoors.



Sing Along With Pooh

Since Winnie the Pooh is the leader of the 100 Aker Wood Choral Society, the group sings about Pooh rather a lot. The next time you feel like bursting into song, why not join Pooh and his friends, Kanga and Roo, Rabbit and Piglet and Owl and gloomy old Eeyore in a stirring rendition of their favorite song.



WINNIE THE POOH

Words and Music By
RICHARD M. SHERMAN
and ROBERT B. SHERMAN

Allegretto

Win-nie The Pooh, Win-nie The Pooh, Tub-by lit-tle cub-by all stuffed with fluff. He's

Win-nie The Pooh, Win-nie The Pooh, Wil-ly nil ly sil-ly ole bear. — *to Coda*

*Moderate
Waltz*

Deep in the hun-dred ac-re wood Where Chris-to-pher Ro-bin plays, — You will



$Gm7$ $C7^{\circ}$ $Am7$ Dm $Dm7$ $G7$ $C7^{\circ}$ F
 find the en - chant - ed neigh - bor - hood of Chris - to - pher's child hood days.

Tempo I $Gm7$ $C7^{\circ}$ F $F\sharp m$ $Gm7$ $C7^{\circ}$ F
 A don - key named Ee - yore is his friend, And Kang - a and lit - tle Roo. There's

$Gm7$ $C7^{\circ}$ F Dm $Dm7$ $G7$ $C7^{\circ}$ F *D. S. al Coda*
 Rab - bit and Pig - let and there's Owl But most of all Win - nie - The - Pooh.

CODA $C7^{\circ}$ F $C7^{\circ}$ F
 Wil - ly nil - ly sil - ly ole bear



Disney on Parade

Last Christmas night, Disney on Parade had its premiere opening in Chicago. It's a new kind of arena show, with singers and dancers, magicians and novelty acts, plus all the Disney cartoon favorites, live and on film. It is being presented jointly by the National Broadcasting Company Enterprises Division and Walt Disney Productions in 22 cities around the country. Whenever the studio tackles anything new, the first people called in are the artists. Most people don't realize how many forms of art go into staging a big live-action production. Fine art is the medium for

posters (such as Mickey and the balloon). Studio story men write not with typewriters, but with story sketches. Model making at Disney's is no pastime for kids; building everything first in miniature has been the procedure since the construction of Disneyland. And, of course, there are the tens of thousands of idea sketches for backdrops, costumes and scenic effects. Some of the various forms of art are shown on these pages, and they give a fair idea of what goes on behind the scenes in preparing for a spectacular such as Disney on Parade.



ABOVE: Roland Crump makes the models which some day will be rebuilt full size. Here he examines a model of the balloon.

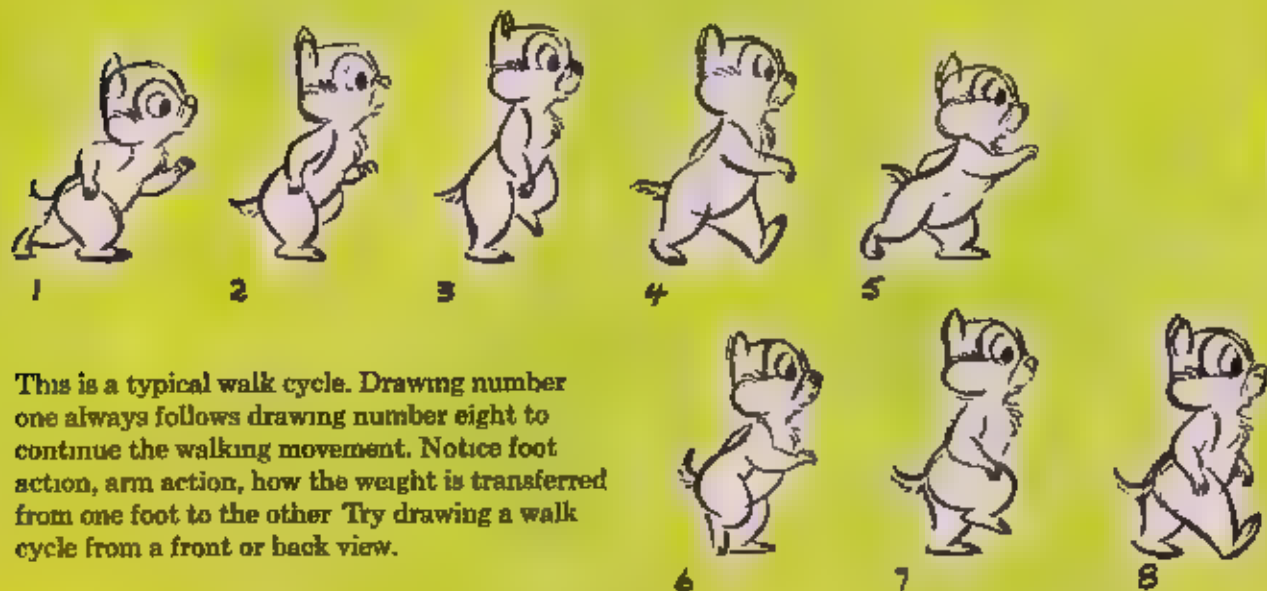
BOTTOM: Story man Al Bertino huffs and puffs like the Big Bad Wolf as he works up a Three Little Pigs routine.

How to Draw Chip & Dale

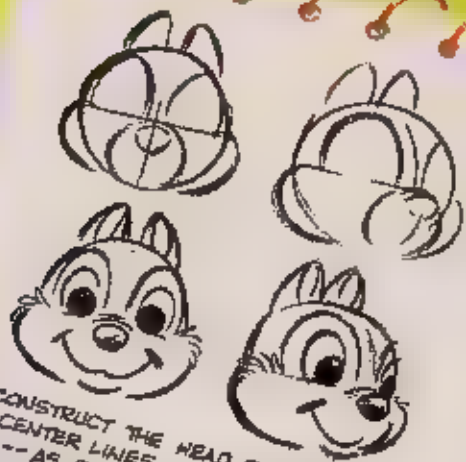


Chip and Dale are two friendly chipmunks who take great delight in mimicking others. They never look for trouble, but often they find it trying to protect their home and food supply. One character who never seems to understand the chipmunks is Donald Duck, and most of their energy is spent locked in combat with

Don. Dale is the more adventurous, and he is apt to get them in trouble. Chip is the cautious one, and he is usually smart enough to get them out of it. They speak in high squeaky voices, and sometimes it is difficult to understand them. It is not too difficult to draw them, however, if you follow the few basic rules on these pages.



This is a typical walk cycle. Drawing number one always follows drawing number eight to continue the walking movement. Notice foot action, arm action, how the weight is transferred from one foot to the other. Try drawing a walk cycle from a front or back view.



TO CONSTRUCT THE HEAD, START WITH CIRCLE -
ADD CENTER LINES - NOSE MASS - CHEEKS AND
EARS -- AS SHOWN AT TOP OF THIS PAGE --
THEN ADD ALL THE DETAILS AS SHOWN IN THE
DRAWINGS BELOW --

NOTE USE OF STRAIGHT LINES FOR FLAT SPOTS
OF HEAD -- KEEPS CHIPS FROM LOOKING TOO FAT



HANDS SMALL
WITH LITTLE
CLAW-LIKE
FINGERS



STRIPES DOWN
BACK START AT
BASE OF SKULL

DRAW FEET FLAT
ON GROUND



START
WITH



START
WITH

CHIP AND DALE ARE NOT QUITE THREE
HEADS HIGH --- IN MAKING ANY DRAWING OF
THESE LITTLE GUYS YOU'LL FIND IT MUCH
EASIER IF YOU START WITH THE SIMPLE
SHAPES SHOWN IN THE SMALL DRAWINGS



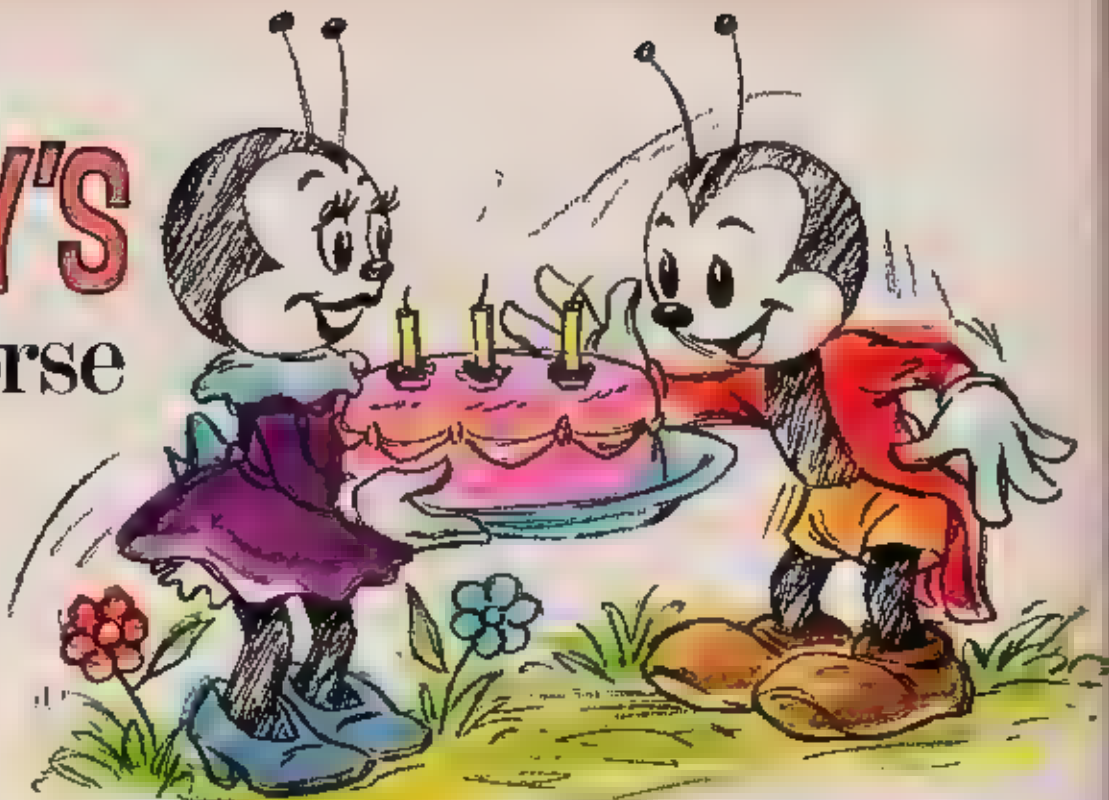
THERE IS ONLY A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE
IN THE ACTUAL DRAWING OF CHIP AND DALE ---
JUST DRAW DALE'S MUZZLE AND NOSE BIGGER
-- THEN ADD THE HAIR ON TOP OF HIS HEAD --
-- THEIR BODIES ARE EXACTLY THE SAME.

REMEMBER:

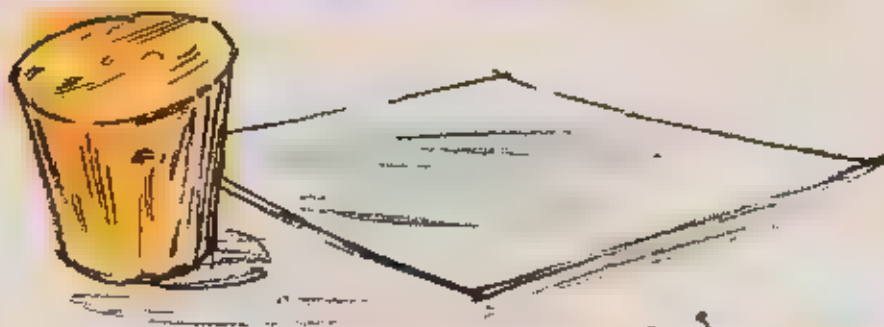
Use these drawings as a starting
point. Try your own poses and expressions
on these funny little chipmunk characters.

BUCKY'S hobby horse

What is that, June, for goodness sake?
Well, I'll be switched! A birthday cake!
Your nephew's birthday!
Why, of course,
I'll make for him a hobby horse!

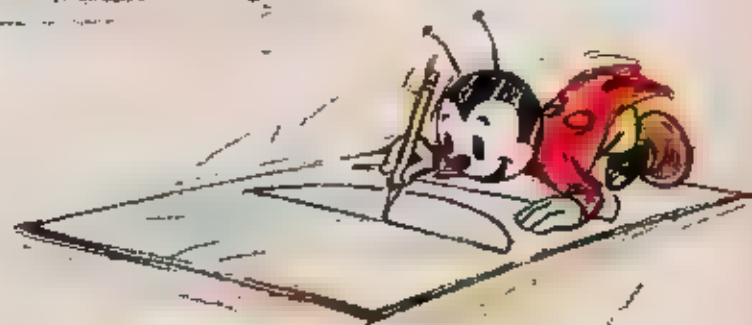


We'll need a cork
with which to start!
This horse will be
a work of art!



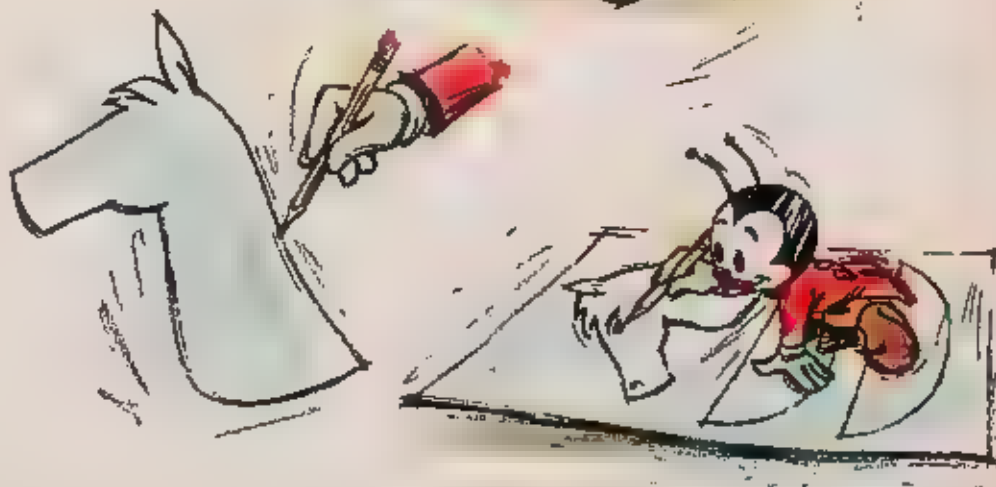
And now, a piece
of cardboard, please!

Two rockers we will draw
with ease!

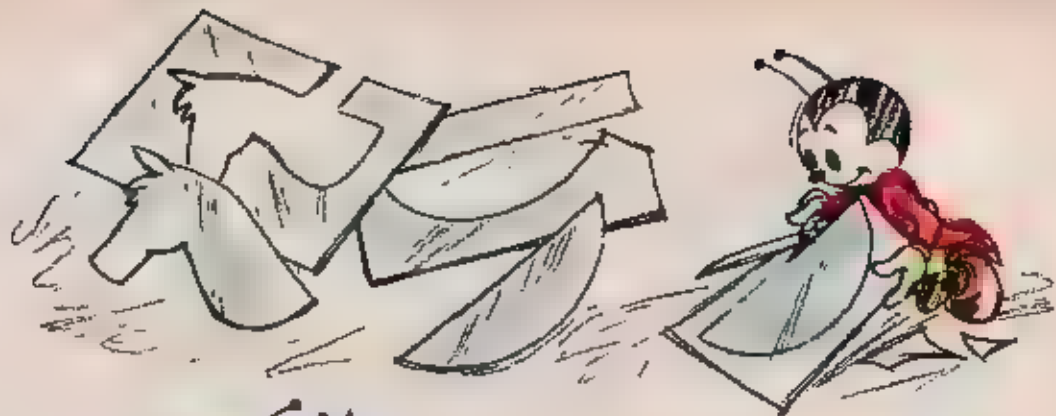


A horse's head we'll have
to trace...

And please draw in old
dobbin's face!



Now cut them out
so carefully!
We'll use them later,
as you'll see!



Upon the cork
we'll cut a slit!

The horse's head
fits into it!



Four toothpicks in
the cork we stick!
For dobbin's legs
they're pretty slick!

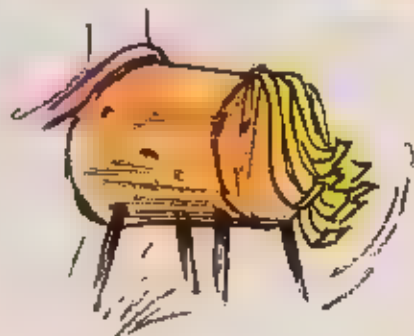


Then, on the legs,
the rockers go,
Securely placed with
tape, just so!

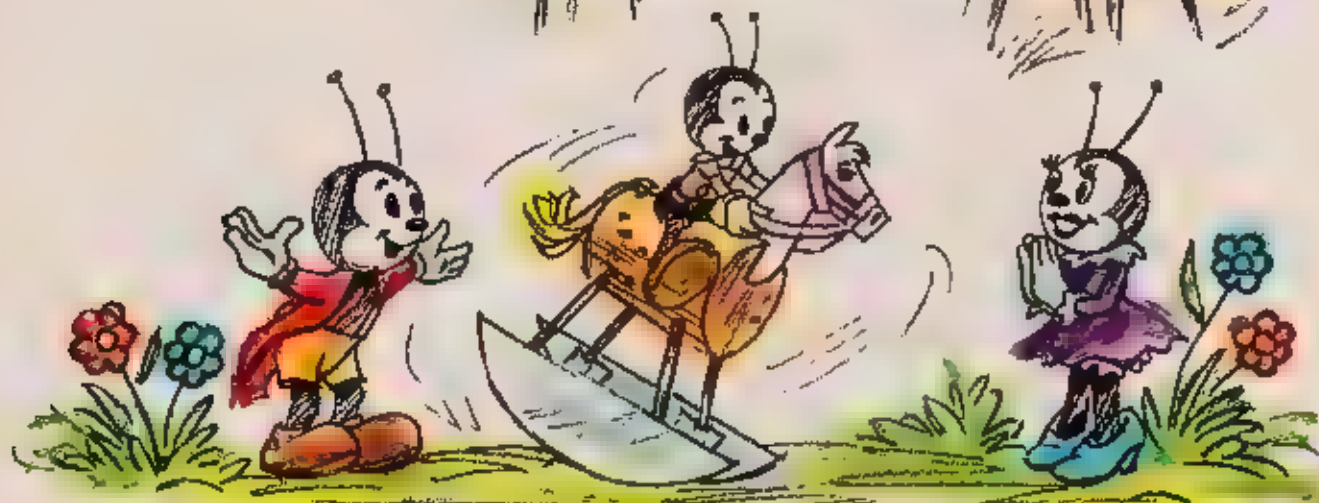


Paste ribbon reins, and
do not fail...

Paste strips of paper
for the tail!



A happy birthday to
you, son!
Away you ride! It's lots
of fun!





THE

A New Jersey woman received a check from a bank for \$7,200,000 when she was expecting \$72. An insurance company paid out \$2,355,000 to cover a claim for \$23.55. A young woman was expelled from college for not attending ROTC classes. A 108-year-old woman in Denmark was visited by a truant officer for not enrolling in grammar school.

How can such stupendous goofs be made?

By a computer, that's how!

This is the Age of the Computer. In the past 15 years the simple electronic calculator has leaped forward to become a nano-second (one billionth of a second) computer.

What are computers? They are those marvelous

and mysterious machines which gobble up information by the bucketful and solve problems in fractions of seconds. The uses of the computer are as varied as man's imagination. They can process 100,000 cancelled checks per hour in a bank clearing house, plot the course of a missile to the moon, scan medical data for diagnostics at millisecond speed, catch and track a traffic violator on a real time basis, edit a telephone book in a few hours, chew up white mountains of government paper work and tax returns, and help Disney "imagineers" design four-track roller coasters.

It is estimated that a computer can simulate the sum total of all arithmetic calculation of all human beings of this earth's existence in a matter of several

COMPUTER WORE TENNIS SHOES



A short circuit infuses Kurt Russell, playing the part of Dexter, with all the computer's stored-up knowledge



Computer expert Ka Suzuki explains the workings of the marvelous machine to Kurt Russell, star of "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes"

hours. Man has created machinery that can compete with us and out-perform us in chess, tic-tac-toe, bridge, blackjack and other mathematical games.

So it is fitting that a computer should become the star of a Walt Disney Studio motion picture, joining such previous Disney heroes as a submarine ("20,000 Leagues Under the Sea"), automobiles ("The Gnome-Mobile" and "The Love Bug") and a tugboat ("Little Toot"). In the Disney film, "The Computer Wore Tennis Shoes," a young college student named Dexter becomes a walking encyclopedia when he is shocked by an electronic computer and absorbs all the computer's information. In effect, he becomes a computer himself. His eyes illuminate like flashing lights of a console, and his brain is packed with fast-moving magnetic tape reels.

Of course, what happens in the movie could never happen in real life. A computer cannot transfer information to a human being. It can merely store knowledge and deliver answers at tremendous speed.

For instance, English mathematician William Shanks took 20 years to compute π (π) to the 707th decimal place. Recently, a computer figured π to 10,000 decimal places in seconds (and found that Shanks had made a mistake)!

One often-forgotten fact is that computers can work only with information that men feed into them. They are not smarter than men—only faster. Actu-

ally, a clever man can take advantage of a computer. There is one case of an individual (let's call him John) who joined a Record of the Month Club. He received his free phonograph records, and he bought additional albums. Later he was mailed records which he didn't want, so he returned them. The following month John received a bill for the unwanted records. Later he received another bill, with service charges added. At the end of six months, his patience exhausted, John analyzed all his computer cards. He took the final card to his office and punched three holes in column 60-62. The following month he received a refund check. What's more, to his delight, he has continued to receive additional refund checks every month for the past two years! Sooner or later, some human will discover what John is doing, and then he'll have a whole new set of problems.

Despite their amazing mathematical feats, computers cannot think. It takes men to do that. Otherwise the huge checks wouldn't have been written, the girl wouldn't have been assigned to an ROTC class (somebody had punched M instead of F for her sex on her ID card), and the Danish woman would have been listed as 108 years instead of eight.

Until the day when electronic brains are capable of actual thought, computers will remain exactly what they are today—a tool of man, designed by man, to make life easier for man.

NATURE'S FAMILY ALBUM

THE WOLVERINE...



I am a wolverine. My proper name is *Gulo luscus*, but I am also called glutton and carcajou. I'm a member of the weasel family; my cousins are the marten, otter, badger, skunk, ferret and the mink and ermine.

For a weasel I am very big. I weigh about 30 pounds and am three feet long, including my tail. Once I roamed throughout the United States, but now my home is mostly in the forests of northern Canada and Alaska.

My fur is considered valuable. It isn't as smooth and rich as the

ermine or mink, but it sheds water, and it is valued in cold climates for collars and parkas where moisture from breathing would form a frost.

My reputation is that of a tough guy, a troublemaker. I've been known to take food from cabins and steal from traps. My meals consist of birds, rabbits, squirrels, beavers, frogs, fishes and berries but, as I said, I'm tough and will attack animals as large as a deer if I'm hungry enough.

One of my favorite tricks is to let somebody else do my work for me. I'll let a pair of wolves track down



Formerly the wolverine roamed over most of the United States, but now he lives only in the forests of Alaska and northern Canada

an animal autobiography

and kill a caribou, then I'll chase them away and enjoy the meat myself.

Wolves don't scare me. Neither do coyotes, cougars and bears. I'll take them on any time. I hold my head low and fight from a standing crouch. I weave back and forth like a boxer, darting in and out. Even if another animal bites me, I'm not hurt — my fur is almost too thick to penetrate.

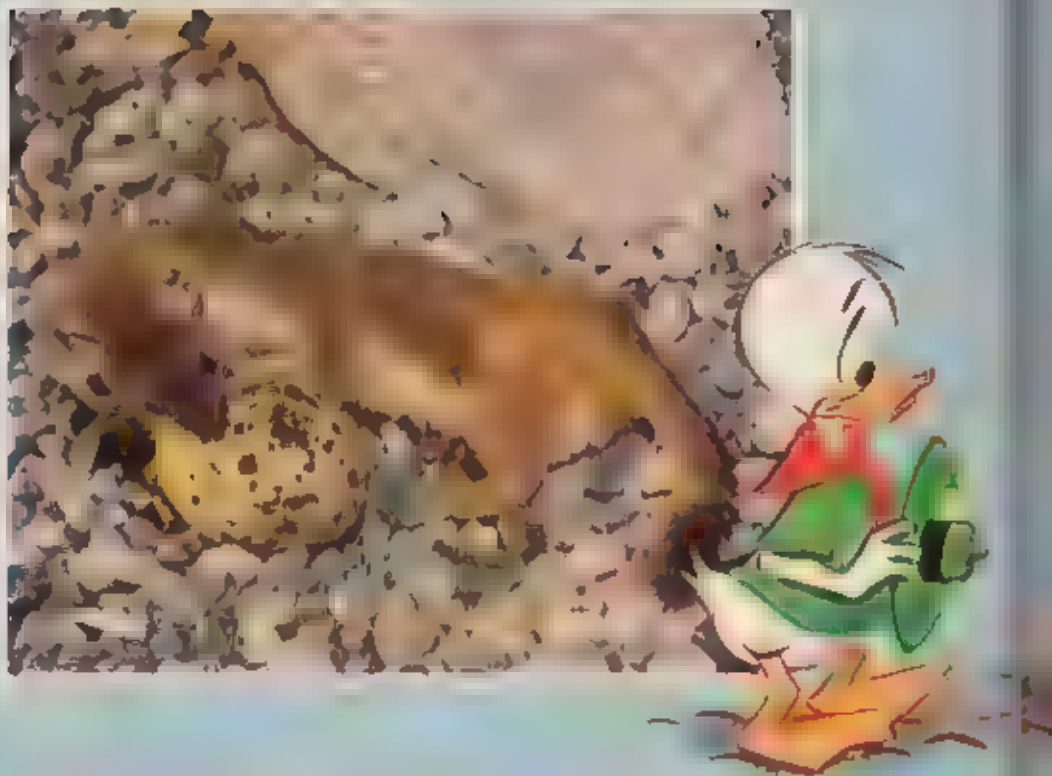
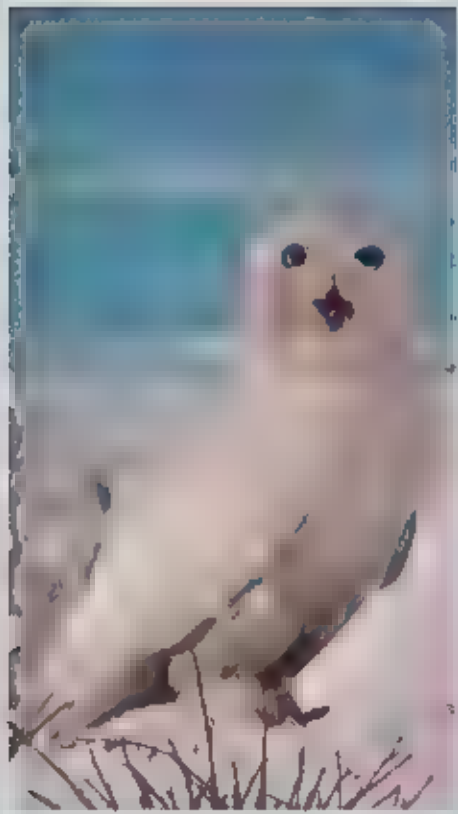
If you went looking for me, chances are you wouldn't see me. I prefer to rest in a burrow during the day and hunt by night.



The wolverine is master of the forest; he will gladly fight bear, cougar, wolf or coyote!



Wolverine fur is not valued as highly as mink and ermine, but it is prized for collars and parkas.



RANGER WOODLORE'S



J Audubon Woodlore, the little ranger, lowered his binoculars and chuckled to himself. "Well, well, so it's feeding time in the nest. Those duck boys would enjoy seeing this. I wonder where they are."

In a little clearing in the woods he found them. Huey was shoveling dirt into a hole in the ground. Dewey and Louie were standing quietly beside him.

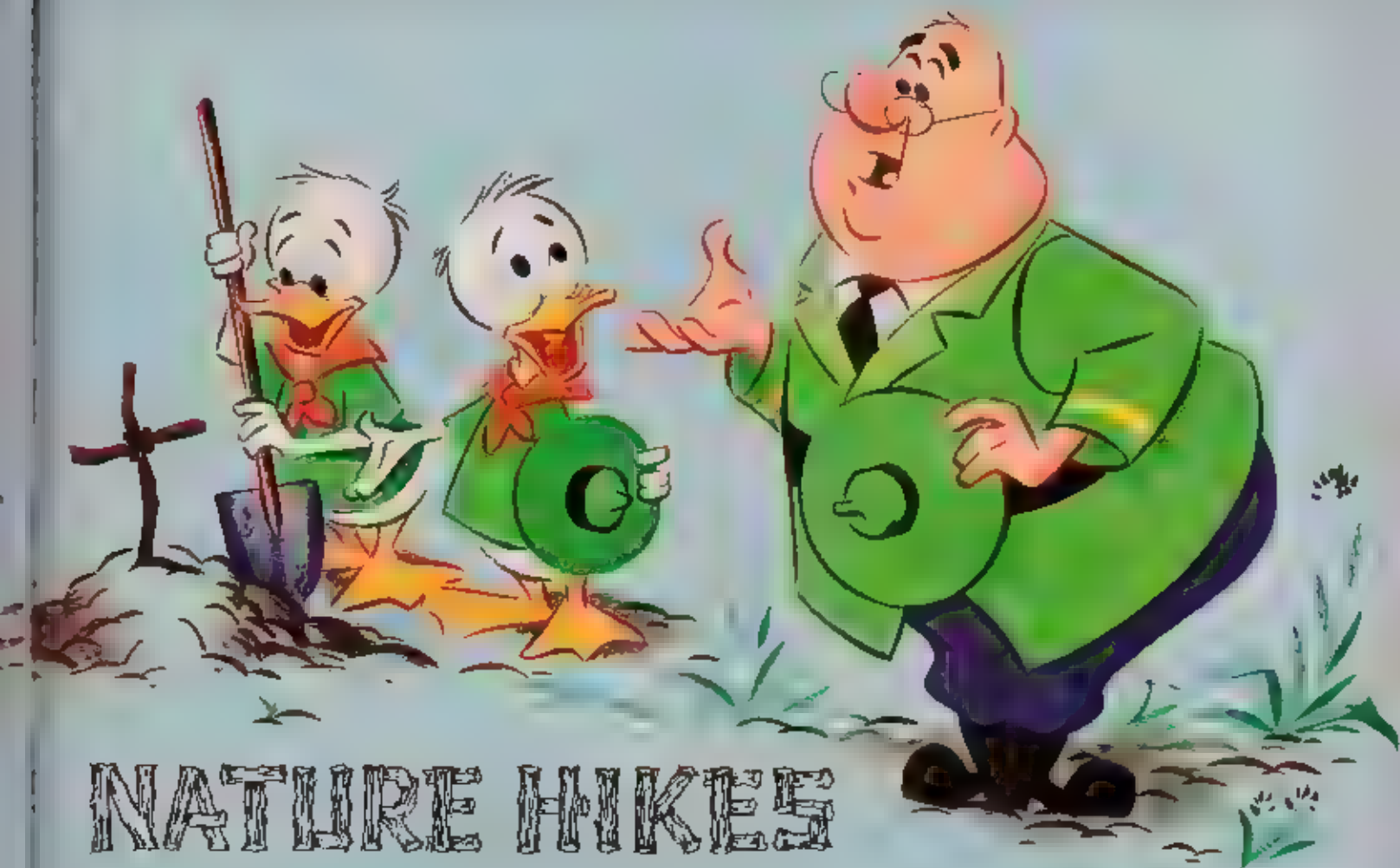
"What are you boys up to now?" called the ranger as he hurried toward them.

"We just buried a dead bird," said Dewey. "We found it lying in the grass. Why do you suppose it died, Ranger Woodlore?"

"Hard to say," replied the ranger, joining them. "There are so many dangers threatening our feathered friends. Can you think of a few?"

"People shoot them," said Louie.

"Maybe an animal killed it,"



NATURE HIKE

suggested Dewey.

"Or another bird. Like a hawk. They kill smaller birds, don't they, Ranger Woodlore?"

"Yes," replied the ranger. "So do owls and shrikes and crows."

"Maybe it had a disease..."

"...or ate some pesticide," added Louie.

"What's that?" asked Huey.

"You know a chemical to kill insects. But it can kill birds and fish and other animals too."

"That's right!" agreed the ranger. "Birds eat the poisoned insects and are poisoned themselves. A great many birds die that way."

"And then they aren't around to help eat the insects - and we have more pests than ever," put in Dewey.

"So the killer of our bird might have been a person that *didn't* even mean to do it!"

"Yes," said the ranger seri-

ously, "that's unfortunately true. People are killing great numbers of wild creatures without meaning to. It's really up to all of us to learn the ways of nature. Speaking of which," he added, "I've got something to show you! Come along!"

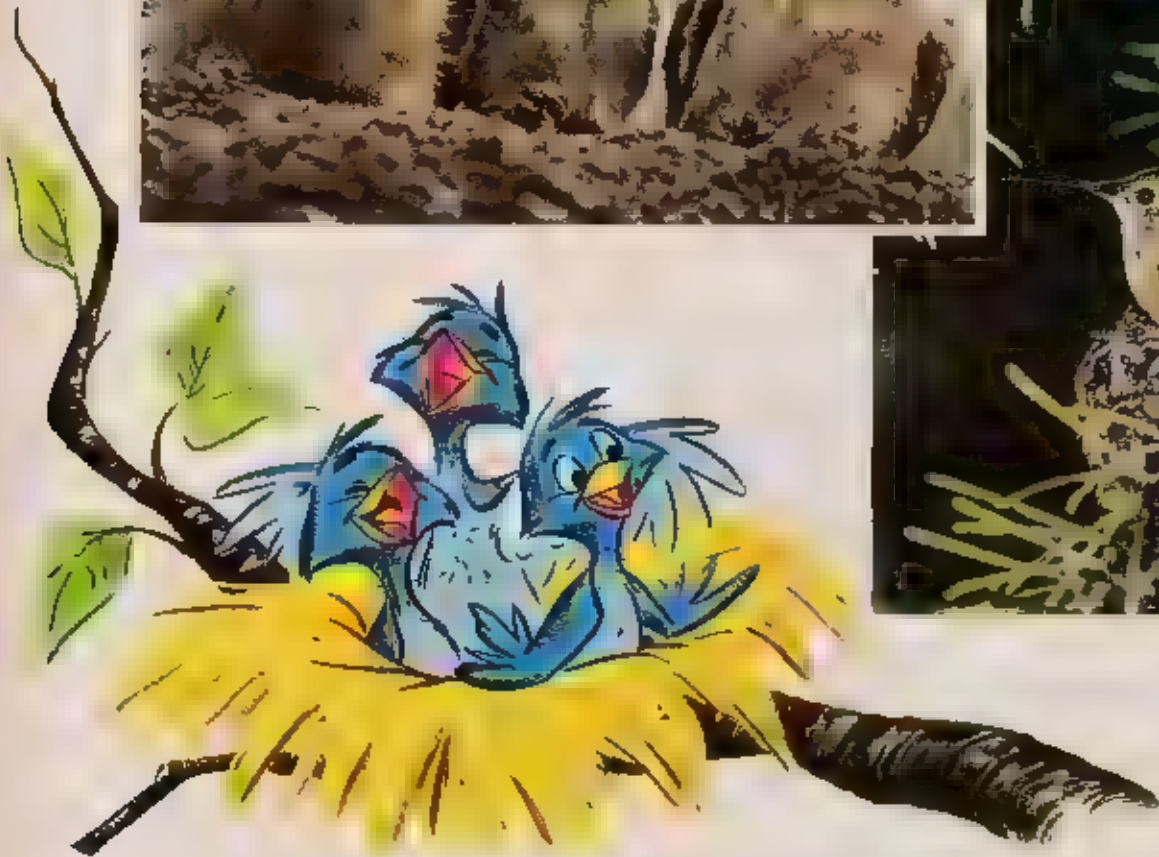
Single file behind the ranger, the three duck boys moved silently through the woods. Suddenly Ranger Woodlore paused, lifted his binoculars, and motioned the boys to take a look.

"It's a bird nest," whispered Huey, who was the first to peer through the field glasses. "And there are little beaks sticking up out of it!"

"Wide-open beaks," said Dewey, the next to look. "One, two, three, four of 'em!"

"Hey!" whispered Louie excitedly as he took his turn. "A big bird is feeding them! Stuffing something right down into one of





those open beaks! Look!" he added, passing the binoculars back to Dewey.

"It's gone!" said Dewey with disappointment.

"Don't worry," the ranger assured him. "The other parent will be there in a minute with more food. Some birds make 200 or 300 trips a day!"

"Who baby-sits with the young birds while both mommy and daddy are gone—like right now?" asked Huey, who was taking another turn at the glasses.

"Good question," replied the ranger. "The answer is—nobody! And that's one of the dangers of being a baby bird. The little ones are quite helpless until they learn

to fly."

"I saw a young bird once trying to fly," said Louie, "and it just fell to the ground. The papa and mamma couldn't help it at all. They simply flew over it, making a big fuss."

"And attracting enemies to the spot, incidentally."

"What about *before* the baby birds hatch—when they're still in their eggs?" asked Louie. "The eggs can get broken or eaten by enemies, can't they?"

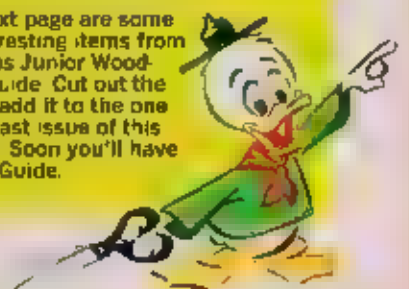
"Indeed they can!" said the ranger. "It's especially hard on bird families that have only one egg at a time, as large birds often do."

"Wow!" quacked Louie. "Birds

really need all the protection we can give them, don't they, Ranger Woodlore?"

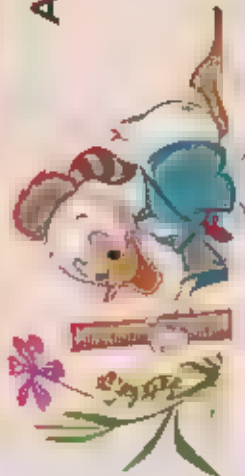
"You're absolutely right!" agreed the ranger heartily. "Actually, we need *them* a lot more than they need us!" Then he added with a twinkle, "Let's head back to the Little Ranger Nature Camp, boys. We've got some bird feeding to do!"

On the next page are some more interesting items from the famous Junior Woodchuck's Guide. Cut out the page and add it to the one from the last issue of this magazine. Soon you'll have your own Guide.



Junior Woodchuck's Guide

A TREASURY OF
INFORMATION
YOU MAY
NEVER USE



**NATURE'S
ODDITIES**

Ticks smell with their front legs

Bats "see" with their ears.

Some worms have 1,000 eyes.



Hermit crabs can climb trees



A variety of Venezuela orchid opens only in moonlight

Fold on this line.

The average Junior Woodchuck goes to his doctor 27 times a year

In 1956 Alabama cast one electoral vote for Walter B. Jones



Fishes cannot close their eyes because they do not have eyelids (but you seldom hear fish complaining about this)



Canadian nickels contain more nickel than U.S. nickels



A flower called the blue moonwort (a member of the primrose family) drinks through several niches of solid ice to hibernate each spring

OUR SMALL WORLD

The southernmost town in the world is Punta Arenas, Chile

The northernmost town is Etah, Greenland

The highest inhabited buildings are in the Chilean village of Alcanqucha (17,500 feet)



The world record for potato chip eating is 30 bags in 59 minutes, without a drink



A man in North Dakota once grew a beard measuring 11 feet 6 inches.



The human heart beats about 100,000 times a day.



The first ice cream sundae was made in Two Rivers, Wisconsin in 1882 and would have melted by now if somebody hadn't eaten it.



HORSE LOVERS



The war horse of Alexander the Great was named Bucephalus.

Hernando Cortez's horse was a dark chestnut stallion.

Horses are NOT used to make horse radish.



OUR WET WORLD

If the ice at the South Pole melted, the world's seas would rise by 250 feet.

The average rainfall in the Amazon Valley is 750 inches.

In open ocean the difference between high and low tide is less than two feet; in the Bay of Fundy it is 54.5 feet!



The Neanderthal Man disappeared about 100,000 years ago and hasn't been heard from since.



NUMBER PLEASE



The largest flying creature was the PTERODACTYL, which weighed about 30 pounds and had a wingspan of 20 feet. It lived 100 million years ago.



The desert tortoise will eat lettuce, but only if absolutely necessary.

The white cliffs of Dover are formed of chalk; the remains of one-celled animals that once had vacationed there and decided to stay.



Fuzzled Pluto



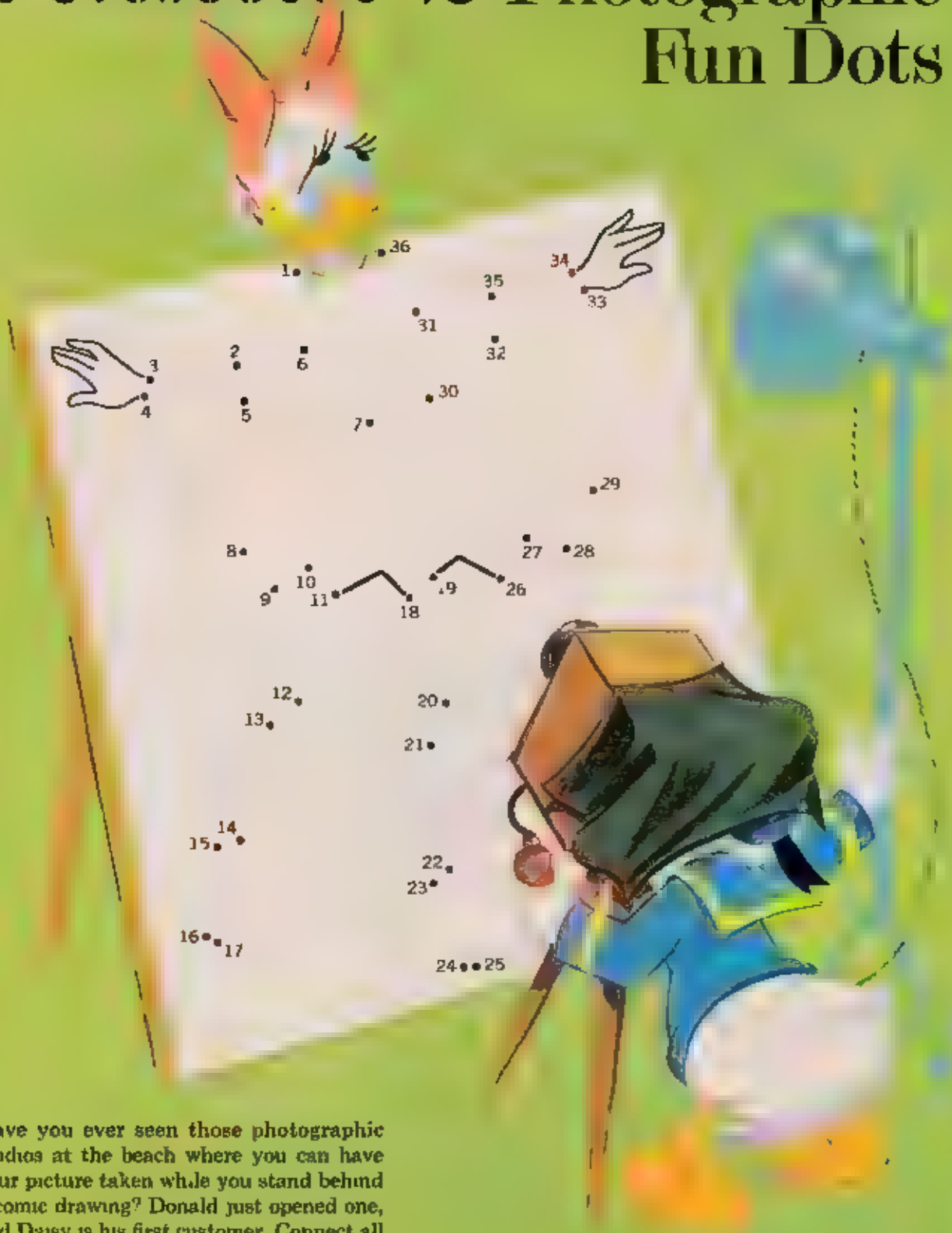
What a shame! Mickey Mouse brought two cute little identical kittens home to keep Pluto company, and the very next day, they disappeared. Mickey looked everywhere and sent Pluto out to scour the town for the little twins.

Pluto nosed around for a while and finally found a pet shop with a lot of kittens in the front window. But they all look just like the twins, and Pluto is completely bewildered. Actually, however, only two of the kitties are exactly alike. See if you can help Pluto pick them out, so he can take them home again.

ANSWER

Kittens B and F are the same

DONALD'S Photographic Fun Dots



Have you ever seen those photographic studios at the beach where you can have your picture taken while you stand behind a comic drawing? Donald just opened one, and Daisy is his first customer. Connect all the dots to find what drawing Daisy chose.

HUEY'S Chuckler

Spell out the names of the objects pictured at the bottom of the page, using the spaces provided for each letter. Now if you transfer your letters to the balloons by matching up the numbers, you will have deciphered Huey's chuckler.

16 25 15	3 6	15 4 5 2
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
9 4 6 1	3 9	17 28 1
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>
4 10	15 4 5 12	10 2 22 1
<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>	<input type="text"/>

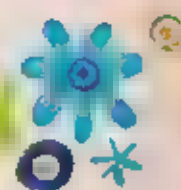
19 1 22 2 5 6 1
<input type="text"/>
3 7 9 6 17 23 1
<input type="text"/>
6 22 1 9 17 1 12
<input type="text"/>



1		10 4 12
2		14 2 5 8
3		10 7 15 6 16 2 17 17 1 12
4		19 2 9 4
5		1 3 6 1
6		3 17 22 28 1 12
7		3

Donald: Why is your nose in the middle of your face? Huey: Because it's the center! :JAWNSW

Fun and



Say that again and I'll call my big brother! He's a real tiger!



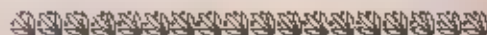
DAISY'S FUDGE

Daisy's fudge squares are fun to make because you don't have to do any real cooking!

1 egg
1 tsp. vanilla
2 tbsp. cream

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. grated chocolate
1 heaping tbsp. butter
1 lb. powdered sugar

First, beat the egg in a bowl with an egg beater. Add the vanilla and cream. Now melt the butter or margarine with the chocolate in a pan over a very low fire. Pour the melted mixture into the bowl. Next, stir in the sugar very thoroughly. Now, press the fudge into a buttered square cake pan and put it in the refrigerator for about a half an hour. Then it is ready to be cut into squares.



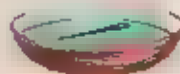
ICE TRICK

Put an ice cube in a cup of water. Then tell a friend you'll take it out with only a short piece of string. Here's all you do: Wet the string, lay it across the cube and sprinkle salt along each side of the string. In a few seconds the string will be frozen fast to the cube and you'll be able to lift it out.

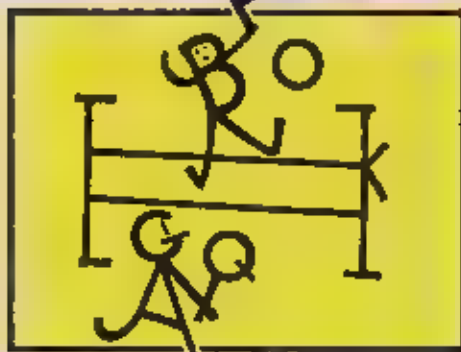


Floating Needle

Bet your friends that you can make a needle float on water. Sound impossible? Not at all. Just rub the needle in your hair before placing it on the water. The oil in your hair will coat the needle and prevent it from sinking.



Peculiar Puzzle



Here is a good test for your powers of observation. In the illustration above are many letters of the alphabet. Try this with a friend, and see who can find the most letters in the least amount of time.



GOOFY'S QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Mickey: Who had the largest family in the world?

Goofy: George Washington. He was the father of his country.

Mickey: Why is a watch like a river?

Goofy: Because it doesn't run long without winding.

Mickey: What goes from Los Angeles to Chicago without moving?

Goofy: Highway 66.

Mickey: What has a slender body, a tiny eye, and no matter what happens never cries?

Goofy: A needle.

Mickey: What has a face but no head, hands but no feet and is usually running?

Goofy: A clock or watch.

Non sense

RIDDLE

Why is a calendar so sad?

ANSWER

Because its days are numbered!

UNCLE SCROOGE'S COIN TRICKS



Have someone place a coin under a piece of paper. Then,

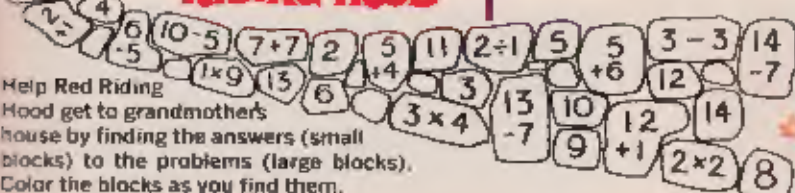
bet that you can tell the date of the coin without lifting the paper. By rubbing a pencil back and forth over the paper, the picture and date on the coin will be revealed.

I sure hate these rented tuxedos!



LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Help Red Riding Hood get to grandmother's house by finding the answers (small blocks) to the problems (large blocks). Color the blocks as you find them.



RIDDLE

Who in history was the world's greatest bandit?

ANSWER

Atlas! He held up the world!

RIDDLE

What did the tablecloth say to the table?

ANSWER

Hold it, I've got you covered!



WISHING STAR



To make the wishing star, bend five toothpicks in the center without breaking them apart... see Fig. A. Place the toothpicks on a flat dish... Fig. B. With a teaspoon drop four or five drops of water in the exact center of your design. It's magic! Make your wish as you watch the toothpicks move to form the wishing star.



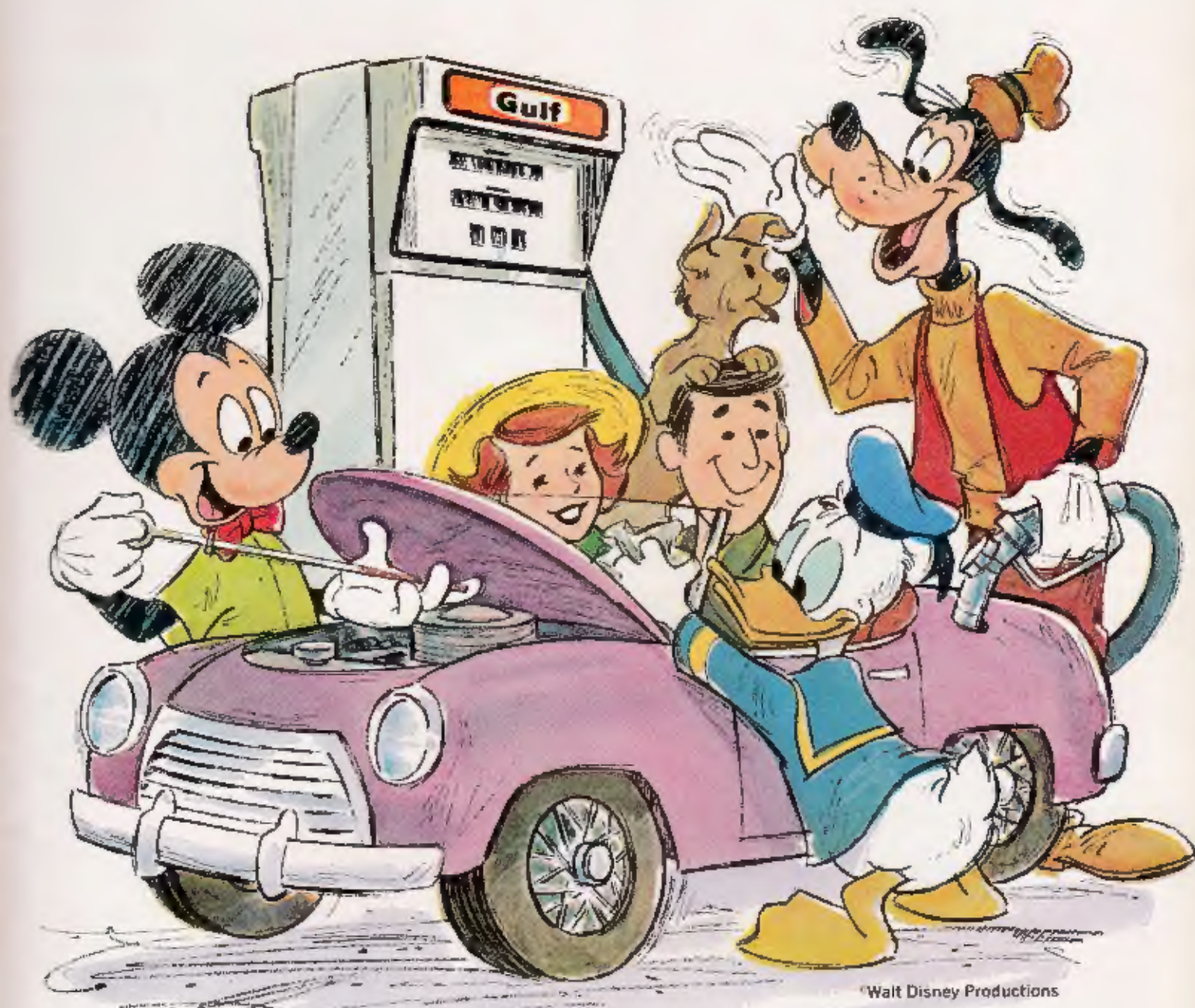
MADAM MIM PUZZLER

Warning to the reader: Madam Mim is a sly old girl. Her puzzlers aren't like other people's puzzlers. If you suspect trickery, you're right!

The Editors

Farmer Jones has 86 37/83 acres in oats, 45 78/93 acres in barley, and 103 27/85 acres in corn. Banker Brown wants to buy 40/91 of all Jones' land at the rate of \$58.23 per acre of oats, \$26.39 per acre of barley, and \$18.57 per acre of corn. How much must Banker Brown pay?

A cartoon illustration of a girl with pigtails holding a pencil, standing next to a large crossword puzzle. The puzzle is filled with words related to the circus. The words are: Across: 1. ELEPHANT, 4. CRAB, 5. SPARS, 6. MYTH, 7. TAP, 8. LA, 9. FEAT, 10. RHYME, 11. ELEPHANT. Down: 2. SKATE, 3. FIRE, 4. CRAB, 5. SPARS, 6. MYTH, 7. TAP, 8. LA, 9. FEAT, 10. RHYME, 11. ELEPHANT.



©Walt Disney Productions

Go with Gulf...the service station





THIS MICKEY MOUSE POSTER IS SUITABLE FOR CUTTING OUT AND PINNING ON YOUR BULLETIN BOARD